THE BYSTANDER Vol. CXVII. No. 1529 | FEBRUARY 1, 1933 | Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

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The Bystander, February 1, 1933

No. 1520. Vol. CXVII.

# The BYSTANDER

Yevonde

## THE LADY MARY LYGON

*The latest portrait of Lady Mary Lygon, the third daughter of the Earl and Countess of Beauchamp. She chooses black and white for her winter colours for London; and manages to defy the icy winds of the moment by looking just as attractive as ever*

# The PASS

*"The Bystander" holds up*

*Lady Leigh, Mrs. Drury-Lowe and Mr. John Drury-Lowe were three of the guests at the Colville-Villiers wedding last week*

HUNTING and racing have gone more or less by the board in the cold weather; ice-skating has come into its own, and the rinks of the Park Lane Ice Club and the London Ice Club are crowded, particularly on Sunday afternoons. The latest recruit to ice-skating is Princess Elizabeth, who is having lessons from Marples, one of the professionals attached to the Park Lane Ice Club.

As she is small, and quite a beginner, Princess Elizabeth is having her lessons on the baby rink on the balcony instead of on the main one. If she becomes proficient, she will be the first member of the Royal family to do so.

THE cold snap has not benefited the restaurants as much as it might.

*Lafayette*

*The Hon. Anne Wood, Lord and Lady Irwin's only daughter, will be one of Lady Mary Onslow's bridesmaids when she marries Mr. George Garside next week at West Clandon Church*

*Sir Philip and Lady Nash gave an amusing sherry supper and Lodge, their Queen Anne house: above are the Hon. Margaret Miss Philippa Nash, daughter of the house, lighting Mr. Reginald*

The weather has been so bitter that it has driven people away from the Shires, it is true, but they have not stopped in London in their flight from frost and threats of a bad foot-and-mouth outbreak, but have gone further afield for the sun. They seem to be leaving by every boat for Egypt and the West Indies.

*Swaebe*

*A snapshot of Lady Shiffner, Capt. Sir Henry Shiffner's wife, and Henry David, their small son, taken at Greenwich, where Sir Henry Shiffner is stationed; he is a Gunner*

*Sir Walter Raleigh (Mr. R. D. Barnett) and Lady Arabella Stuart (Miss Evelyn Allan) dine before they appear in the "Gawdy" ice pageant*

*Mrs. Anthony Acton, Mr. Terence were among the "plain clothes on the Frozen Thames" from the*

# ING HOUR

## *the Mirror to the Gay World*

LORD AND LADY JERSEY were two who went off on the Arandora Star last week. And thereby hangs a tale. The Jerseys live at Osterley Park, which is out on the Great West Road. Lord Jersey had promised his sister, Lady Joan Villiers, to give her away at her wedding to Mr. David Colville. The ceremony was timed for 11.15. It was only at ten o'clock that they were called. This meant quite a quick rush to get into wedding clothes and motor up to reach St. Peter's, Eaton Square, in time. However, all was well. Incidentally, Lady Joan Colville and her husband have, after all, chosen Majorca for their honeymoon.

ONE of our returned wanderers is General Critchley, who has been in Palm Beach. He says that prices are still as high as ever. To play a round of golf with a professional costs either £3 or £4; a hair-cut costs 3s. 6d.; and a stall at the theatre £2.

AT one club the entrance-fee is forty-six dollars, and the annual subscription is one thousand dollars, although there is only four months' play during the year. General Critchley also visited Boca Rotan, the most palatial centre for golf in the world.

THERE are two courses in the club. Jointly, they cost forty million dollars. There are seven hundred bedrooms in the clubhouse. It cost a million dollars to bring the requisite foliage, in the shape of cocoanut trees, and so on, and the bathing-pool cost four hundred thousand dollars. It is twenty miles south of Palm Beach, and, according to General Critchley, worth every penny that was spent on it.

IT is good news for golfers that General Critchley is going to bring Tommy Armour over to England to play for a month, in April, over our leading courses. Armour is playing better golf now than he has ever done. By the by, the silly suggestion of Sarazen about having bigger holes at golf looks as if it were purely to attract attention to himself before coming over here to take part in a number of exhibition golf matches.

AND now for some hot news for the débutantes. This year the Débutantes' Ball, as they call the Queen

*Swaebe*

*games party at Thurloe Ritchie drinking sherry, and Haviland's cigarette*

*At the Anglo-Welsh Rugby Ball at the May Fair, which was held after the International at Twickenham: Mr. A. Key, one of the English side, talking to Mr. and Mrs. Tucker*

*Mr. David Colville, eldest son of the Hon. George and Lady Cynthia Colville, and Lady Joan Villiers, the Earl of Jersey's sister, leaving St. Peter's, Eaton Square, after their wedding*

*Weldon, and Mr. Anthony Acton detachment" watching "The Gawdy balcony of the Grosvenor House rink*

*Sir Frank Newnes, Lady Newnes, and Mr. Philip de Laszlo in the beautiful Jacobean dresses they wore for the reproduction, in aid of charity, of the 1604 Carnival on the ice*

Charlotte affair, is not going to take place in a hotel. It will, in fact, be held at 16, Bruton Street, which used to belong to Lady Evelyn Mason, and survived the reception at the Beaton wedding the other day.

LADY HOWARD DE WALDEN and Mr. Seymour Leslie are organising it. Lady Howard de Walden has another daughter coming out this year. Already thirty débutantes have been selected to be maids of honour at this affair, and a similar number of last year's vintage to be maids in waiting. Of the maids in waiting, Miss Rosemary de Rothschild, Miss Bronwen Scott-Ellis, Miss Gonda Van Raalte, and Miss Cecilia Bowes-Lyon are in the forefront.

THE house will hold four or five hundred people, and in order to prevent a queue outside the supper-rooms, page-boys will roam around telling guests when there are tables free. The date chosen is June 8, and Lady Grenfell and Lady O'Neill will help to receive the guests. Among the maids of honour will be Miss Elizabeth Petre, Miss Sibyl Cavendish, Miss Beatrice Grosvenor, Miss Bridget Vesey, Miss Elizabeth Scott-Ellis, Miss Eileen Watson, Miss Pamela Kingsmill, Miss Audrey Warren Pearl, Miss Sybilla St. John, Miss Ursula Horlick, Miss Jean Elphinstone, and Miss Sarah Churchill.

*Lord and Lady Grenfell with four of their guests at the Bridge House, Twyford; the others in the group are Mrs. Prior Palmer, Miss Vandeleur and Mr. Tommy and Mr. Freddie Shaughnessy, Lady Grenfell's brothers*

*Another photograph of Lord and Lady Grenfell at the Bridge House, their attractive place near Winchester, where they recently entertained their neighbours at an "At-Home." Lady Grenfell, before her marriage last year, was Miss Betty Shaughnessy*

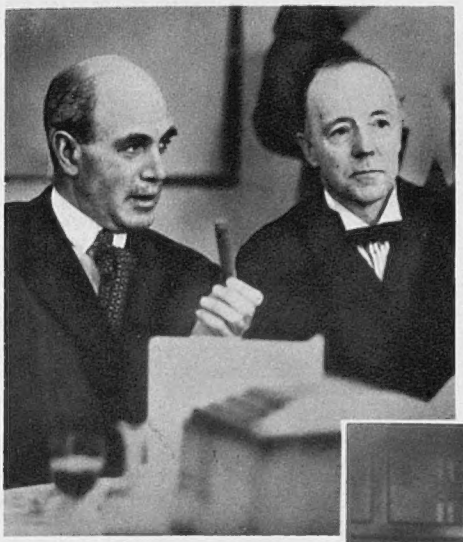
THE poor Thaws! Hardly have they installed themselves comfortably in London and made a large circle of friends before they are decanted to the icy wastes of Oslo. Such is life in the Diplomatic Corps. Leaving behind a mountain of skates, ski boots, fishing-rods, and so on, they dined with Mr. Walter Prendergast as his guests of honour at a farewell party given at Quaglino's the other night. The place was full, despite the fact that so many of the "regulars" are down with 'flu. Quaglino says that he has been sending out about a hundred bowls of soup a week to clients who have succumbed to the epidemic. And very good soup, too, I am told.

THE previous day I had seen Lord Brecknock at the cocktail-party given by Cannons, the Hollywood photographer, to inaugurate his new studio. But he had invited so many guests that there was no possible room to see the photographs. That strange fellow, William Gerhardi, stood around sadly. Miss Wendy Barrie was vivacious. How plucked her eyebrows are! Dennis Bradley said that twelve of our leading tailors are going to introduce blue morning coats. Oh, yeah? Miss Bunting Stephenson looked wistful, and the White Lady cocktails were served in jugs.

A REAL come-back effort is being made by Ciro's. Mrs. Peter Thursby and Lady Milbanke, our two most decorative and charming marrieds, have joined the Committee and taken on the job of being joint-hostesses at the Club in Orange Street. In this way it is hoped to revive the Club's former femininities and gaieties. In the past year or two it has been rather too masculine in atmosphere. They gave a cocktail party to celebrate it the other day, and hope to make it as gay as Chez Victor's used to be.

# Goings On

## In and Out of London



*Lunching with Shell-Mex*

*Above: Mr. Andrew Agnew, C.B.E., director of the Shell Transport and Trading Company, and Mr. Walter Runciman, M.P., at the luncheon celebrating the opening by Mr. Runciman of the new Shell-Mex building on the Victoria Embankment*

*A York Minster Wedding*

*Mr. Godfrey Pennington Hobbs, Northumberland Fusiliers, and Miss Elizabeth Gathorne-Hardy, leaving York Minster after their wedding. The bride's father, Lieut.-General the Hon. Sir Francis Gathorne-Hardy, is the G.O.C. Northern Command*

*Right: Captain and Mrs. Victor Gordon Lennox arrived in London last week after their wedding and skiing honeymoon in Canada. Mrs. Victor Gordon Lennox was Miss Diana Kingsmill, the daughter of Admiral Sir Charles and Lady Kingsmill; her father and mother are both Canadians.*

*Back in London*

*Rawood, Ltd.*

*Above: Major Charles Matthews-Donaldson, O.B.E., and Miss Eunice Shrubsall Parker, daughter of Captain W. Parker, late Grenadier Guards, and granddaughter of Mr. G. Shrubsall, President of the Pearl Assurance Company, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. Miss Muriel Moyes and Miss Joyce Smith were bridesmaids, and Captain Meysey Thomas the best man*

*A Coming-Out Party*

*Left: the Hon. Heather Baden-Powell's coming-out party at the Hambleden Hunt Ball included Mr. John Powell, Miss Pamela Drew, Mr. Charles Herbert, Mr. Derek Atkins, Miss Eileen Harrap, Mr. Eric Bols, Miss Betty Strover, Mr. V. Prickford Howells, Miss Priscilla Thompson, Mr. John Drew, and Mrs. Eric Bols.* *More pictures of the Ball on page 205*

# A Racing Reverie

## Newbury Notes; and an Habituée

*By "Regular"*

*Sir Brograve and Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, who are two regulars of regulars, who were interested spectators at Newbury for the January Meeting*

*Mrs. Aldrich, Lady Sibell Lygon and Sir John Grey at Newbury on the second day, when the sun shone but the wind was straight from Russia*

CONGRATULATIONS to Basil Briscoe, who has once again confounded the critics, by winning a steeplechase with Insurance.

ON the occasion of his début, over the same course—Newbury—Insurance appeared to regard steeplechasing in much the same light as the American millionairess does the Baronet, or the Australians do the leg-theory—all very well for somebody else, but not for me, thank you.

IT was difficult to believe that it was the same Insurance who had given such an inglorious exhibition at the previous meeting, where, at every jump, it appeared a pound to a bun on his "parting company" with Billy Stott and the latter having to follow the Baronet's example and walk home.

ON this occasion he gave a care-free display of jumping which reflects the greatest credit on Briscoe's schooling, and, with Stott riding a terrific finish, he got up in the last stride to win by a short head from Ready Cash, who, by the way, is certain to win a nice race soon, as is the third in this race, Vic Fitzroi.

NO ONE can say that Miss Dorothy Paget does not deserve to own such good horses as Insurance and Golden Miller, because, if you give your trainer carte blanche to buy the best, you may consider yourself unlucky if you don't get it.

ALTHOUGH we all know her well by sight, few of us can claim to know Miss Paget really well; but she has one quality which I admire enormously—she doesn't care two damns for anyone.

THINKING it over, if I were a millionairess, owned Golden Miller and Insurance, had Basil Briscoe to train them, and Billy Stott to ride them, I don't suppose I would, either.

NOT so many years ago, it was the fashion among a number of very "professional" trainers to make fun of Briscoe's efforts to be taken seriously as a trainer, and proclaim that Basil thought that horses kicked and ate with the same end. The obvious retort to these "know-all" gentlemen is to point to their empty boxes and Briscoe's full ones.

DON'T say I didn't tell you that Mr. "Pete" Bostwick was in for a very successful time in the saddle, and don't ever tell me again that horses are not sagacious, kindly beasts. All the winter those almost "human" quadrupeds down at Wroughton have been saying to one another: "Mr. Bostwick will be over soon, don't let 's over-tire ourselves before he arrives."

*"I can't eat carrots; they give me a rash"*

I REMEMBER, years ago, Sir Abe Bailey's return (by boat) from South Africa was frequently the signal for a return to form of the carriers of the black and gold hoops.

ONE of these days I am going to write a long treatise on the psychology of a racehorse which may entirely revolutionise the Sport of Kings. A friendly pat and a whispered word of encouragement can convey a whole world of meaning to these friendly beasts, while an unkind word, or overhearing a discourteous bookmaker knocking them out from 6 to 4 to 6 to 1, can so upset their sensitive natures they will, in all probability, finish down the pass. (Racecourse slang for unplaced.)

I DON'T know whether it's ever struck you that way, but Newbury always reminds me of the rather duller sort of Hunt Balls. Lots of hearty, pink-cheeked young men, who look as though they might break out into the lewder form of hunting noises at any moment, while the girls are very palpably Pont Street.

MY suggestion to a cold-looking female acquaintance that a glass of cherry brandy would do her a power of good, was greeted with a very coy "All right, missing two, by the brazier." All very reminiscent of a particularly draughty Town Hall, programmes, Clifford Essex, Tally-ho! and "I 'm doing the gallop with Buster."

THIS week I want you to meet Miss Joy Jumper—not everybody's cup of tea, and with equal truth it may be said that by no means everybody meets with her august approval; in fact, you have to go through a very searching test before she passes you sound. Women she regards in the same way as she does flat racing—a necessary evil to keep the men quiet during the summer. I have mentioned her in my articles before this, but to-day you are going to get to know her really well.

I WAS fortunate enough to find myself in the same carriage as Miss Jumper coming back from Lingfield, and as our train whizzed through the sleeping countryside of Surrey at an average speed of twelve miles an hour, she gave me her views on life, the result of her twenty-six winters—she regards the summers as waste of time.

"MEN," declared Miss Jumper, "are divided into two classes: those who go and those who don't go; the ones who don't go don't count. I don't care two damns if a man looks like George Duller and Ivor Anthony rolled into one, provided he goes well.

"THE man I marry must have ridden over every steeplechase course in the world and broken every bone in his body. If, after we're married, I find he 's been cheating on me, I 'll break what 's left." Strong meat this, but kindly meant. Miss Jumper wants her husband to be a real hero.

"I ONCE went to Ascot, but I left when I found there were no fences and they wouldn't let the jockeys in the Royal Enclosure—just as if they 'd been divorced!

"BIGGER fences, more falls, fewer tryers, and jumping all the year round." Miss Jumper's eyes sparkled and she slapped me on the back (the doctor says the spine is not really damaged). "Waiter, two large whiskies and sodas, this gentleman looks a little shaken." What a girl!

*Above : Lady Hadfield, who gave a sherry party last week for the patrons and committee of Lady Mount Temple's Midnight Matinée to-morrow, with Lady Mount Temple herself, who is displaying one of the handbills*

*The première of "Lord Camber's Ladies," starring Gertrude Lawrence and Sir Gerald du Maurier, is the feature of the Matinée, which is in aid of the Charing Cross Hospital. On the right are Lord William Taylour and Miss Consuelo Eyre*

*Two guests at 22, Carlton House Terrace, Lady Hadfield's house, where she gave her party, were Mrs. Arthur McGrath (Rosita Forbes) and, on the extreme right, Mrs. John Dewar*

# A Party for a Party

## Organising a Midnight Matinée

*Above : Sir Dennistoun and Lady Burney, who also have a lovely house in Carlton House Terrace, were among the sherry-drinkers*

*Left : Miss Helen Villiers, Lady Kathleen Villiers' younger daughter, was talking to Mr. Gordon West*

*Mr. Walter Payne and Mrs. Aspinall Oglander seem to think the Midnight Matinée outlook pretty fair, if that's what they're talking about*

*Left : Sir Robert Hadfield, the famous scientist, who was the host of the party, with the Countess of Enniskillen and Mrs. Mason*

## ANNA MAY WONG

*A fantastic camera-study of this well-known actress by Cannons, the English photographer of Hollywood, an exhibition of whose portraits of famous film personalities is being shown at his London studio, 1, Dover Street, W.1. "The Bystander" was the first newspaper in England to publish reproductions of Mr. Cannons' very striking work*

*MRS. MARSHALL FIELD, whom we remember better as Mrs. Dudley Coats, is over here on a visit. How lovely she is! A perfect-featured face, beloved of the novelist, dark eyes and hair, and a very beautiful mouth. She used to look rather sad, but that is forgotten now, and her smile is radiant.*

*AFTER so much controversy, I will give my selection of the four most beautiful unmarrieds in their order—*

*Lady Bridget Poulett—a little simplicity would enhance her beauty.*

*Miss Kathleen Horlick—beautiful expression and manners, and possessing brains.*

*The Hambledon Hunt Ball*

*Mr. Nigel Gibbes, Mr. J. Franklyn, Miss Jocelyn Wingfield, and Mr. William Hicks-Beach having a breather between one dance and another at the above ball which was held at the South-Western Hotel, Southampton*

Yvonne Gregory

*Miss Sheila Foster*

*A new photograph of the attractive only daughter of Mrs. Phipps Foster and the late Major Phipps Foster. Miss Sheila Foster has a brother who is in the Coldstream Guards*

# Hors d'Oeuvres: *By "Caviare"*

*THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER has a quiet, shy manner of entering a room. Mrs. Tony Bellville enters one in a purposeful manner; Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton eagerly, looking for friends; Mrs. Peter Thursby a little self-consciously.*

*ARE the rumours about a lovely dark ex-débutante true? Surely not!*

*IS a mother, who, having rocked the cradle, rules the purse, going to refuse her consent?*

*MRS. "BOY" WILSON always seems to be thinking deeply—especially at race meetings. Her husband is one of the cheeriest of people, with a bright word for everybody. Another Captain Wilson is Alec, tall, dark, enigmatic, whose wife was the pretty Miss Esmé Tennant.*

*LADY GEORGIANA CURZON is so tall she reminds me of the tall and beautiful Lygons. Mrs. John Barran's black and white striped dress makes her look taller than ever; and, in contrast, Mrs. Emmanuel looks smaller and more elf-like every time I see her. She is the sweetest person and looks seventeen years old.*

*LADY ANNE WELLESLEY is to have violets at her wedding. I always think roses should be her favourite flower—pale pink ones. In the same way, I expect Lady Ashley to like orchids; Lady Alington, peonies; and Lady Massereene, geraniums.*

*THE GRAND DUKE DMITRI has a most interesting face—attractive, with tired, wise eyes, as if he had seen the way of the world and judged it. It is always a controversial point among women whether or not they should curtsey to him. Result—some do, some don't.*

*LADY GAGE has the most unusual tweed cap, which she wears out shooting. It is made like a man's and matches her coat and skirt. Lady Warrender is always beautifully turned-out in the country, but she seldom wears a hat at all. Lady Catherine Willoughby is neat, but so she ought to be with her smart mother as an example.*

*PRINCESS IMERETINSKY, in her favourite brilliant colours, which are enhanced by her very pink-and-white complexion and golden hair, is delighting St. Moritz with her skating, at which she is a great expert. How the average has improved since ice-rinks became popular! At one time, the ice was dotted with ungainly, tottering amateurs.*

*WHISPERED questions—*

*Is the wife of a rich diplomat in love?*

*Is a young man in business anxious about a certain flat?*

*Is a not-so-young lovely very bitter?*

*Was it not entirely her fault?*

*THE COMTESSE DE FLEURI has just the look of Mrs. Peter Horlick. Perhaps it is the effect of a wide forehead. They should be shown—foreheads, I mean. I love Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger's—it is a quite perfect example; and Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton's shows character.*

*GENERAL knowledge—*

*Which husband bites his finger-nails?*

*Who likes champagne in bed?*

*Who has a bruise on her arm?*

*Who is ambidextrous?*

*Lady Anne Wellesley—perfect feminine loveliness.*

*Miss Margaret Whigham—very sweet, and surprisingly unspoilt.*

*NOW the marrieds—*

*Lady Diana Cooper—no one has ever equalled her beauty.*

*Mrs. James Beck—slender-necked; hardly a touch of cosmetics on a perfect skin.*

*Lady Brougham and Vaux—dazzlingly fair.*

*Lady Weymouth—vivacious, radiant beauty.*

*THE sweetest nature is Miss Margaret Whigham's—anxious to be kind and charming to everyone. Servants like to do things for her, and that is a great recommendation.*

# Bystanders in "the House"

## *A Stock Exchange Note-Book*

### Chatter by "Junk": Caricatures by "Jonk"

*Mr. "Eddie" Gosling*

'Flu and nothing much doing have been the two most noticeable things in the Stock Exchange for the last month; everyone is waiting for the Budget, and the next victim to disappear to bed. One of this winter's changed fashions in the City is in cold cures. Mr. Douch, the chemist, and that is his real and incredibly apt name—used to serve his customers automatically with "salines"; now the market is strong in cinnamon and quinine, and even "pink drinks" are not thought as infallible as they were. Those who escaped 'flu, by luck or by taking "cures," have been thankful to fill the days with someone else's work as well as their own.

One of the diversions that keep some people busy, especially the two young members who are running a book, is Test Match betting. They will make a price on the number of runs England or Australia will make in each match, or on their combined runs, or on their respective or combined runs in the whole rubber. Gamblers have to be content with cricket now that there's none of the excitement of betting on a change in the Bank rate, as there was last year. Experts are no longer seen rushing into Capel Court to see Mr. Gosling coming from the Bank of England; they were supposed to be able to forecast change or no change in the rate from the way he entered the House.

Mr. Gosling, who is the head of Mullens, Marshall, Steer, Lawford and Co.—to give them their full title—the Government brokers, and who became head of the firm when Sir John Mullens retired, is very popular in the House; he is as pleasant to the most junior clerk as he is to partners in the big firms, and his genial personality makes him liked as well as respected. And respected he certainly is, for the most well-lunched and somnolent jobber will spring to his feet when Mr. Gosling appears. Not long ago, a broker, known locally as "Tarzan," received a somewhat unprovoked, but very well-directed, kick in the rear. Turning round to take revenge on the attacker, by then standing innocently some yards away, he found himself threatening Eddie Gosling, who was walking by. The latter was unperturbed, and thought it a very good joke, but "Tarzan" looked like a fourth-form schoolboy would if he had as narrowly escaped punching his house-master in the stomach.

Mr. Gosling is always very well-dressed, in a quiet and slightly old-fashioned way. And so is Colonel E. F. Dillon, who wears sombre but impeccably cut clothes. Some of the young men in the House ought to follow the example of these two in the way of dress; "flash" style does not really go down well, and it might pay them to be a little more conservative. Perhaps not as die-hard as Charles Montefiore, who is with J. Sebag and Co.; he doesn't care how he looks, but he is one of the people who are so rich that they can afford to dress as they like. Incidentally, everyone is glad to see that his cousin, Geoffrey Montefiore, has changed his hatter.

Mr. Berdoe Wilkinson, another partner in Mullens, Marshall, dresses more like an actor than a stock-broker, and his clothes always look brand-new. He wears his hair long, and always has a huge buttonhole. Self-confidence, however, enables him to carry off these mild eccentricities of ensemble.

The controversy about Saturday opening still rumbles on like a not-quite extinct volcano. Grumbling about it is, however, not so bitter in the spring as it is in the autumn. Hunting addicts are displeased from November to March, but the would-be slayers of grouse, partridges and pheasants feel the loss of their Saturdays even more poignantly. Heads of firms can and do get away more or less when they want to, but the younger generation are left to beguile themselves with paper-pellet shooting.

*Mr. Berdoe Wilkinson*

Mr. Frank Barker, of Frank Barker and Co., has been ranked among the first shots of the country, and probably fires off more cartridges per year than most people. And he always carries a catapult with him in reserve! Two other "big guns" are Mr. Cyril Praed and Mr. Arthur James, although you might know them for years without hearing about it from them. The former, who is also a first-class rifle shot, is an authority on everything connected with wild birds. Mr. Arthur James, who was in the Guards before he became a "commuter," is as modest about his capabilities as a stock-broker as he is about his shooting. Lex Wilson, of Kennedy and Robertson, also does a lot of shooting, and is always a success socially. He is a great gambler—in private life, be it said, and is one of the afore-mentioned "hunting addicts"; he is always known in that world as "Pretty" Wilson.

One of the star horsemen in the House is Mr. E. C. Paget, who was second in the National last year on Egremont, and is one of this year's most fancied entries. He goes round at Aintree as easily as most of us could ride a rocking-horse. He is another of these modest people, who won't talk about their exploits. The other day, he worked in the City in the morning, went off to a race meeting, where he won the first race and rode in the second, and was back in his office by four o'clock. But he wasn't boasting about it to anyone; and how some people would talk if they hadn't done the half of that!

*Mr. E. C. Paget*

# "I Miss My Swiss"

## A Page for Stay-at-Homes

*Conversation Pieces*

*Two photographs in the Suvretta Bar, where everyone took refuge while the long-awaited snow was at last falling. At the top is Lady Ursula Horne, Mr. Newton Horne's wife, with Colonel Charles Gerard, and below are Captain Kenneth Hogg, who is in the Irish Guards, and Mrs. Charles Gerard; they were all over for the day from Pontresina*

*At the Cresta*

*Above: Mr. Harry Hays Morgan, Lady Furness's brother, and Mme. Merry del Val, daughter-in-law of the late Spanish Ambassador to England*

*Right: the St. George's team, who were fourth in the Hotel Cup Day at St. Moritz. Major Thomson (Irish), Prince Rene de Bourbon (French), Mr. Dicky Gold (from Chicago), and Mr. Arthur Hinckley (from Washington) were the four who were representing England*

*More Snow Fliers*

*Above: Commander Geoffrey Rodd (centre) with Miss Pamela Deuchar, and his chauffeur-pilot, Camp, who is removing the stove that keeps Commander Rodd's Puss Moth warm during its 20-degs.-below-freezing-point night on the ice. Commander Rodd divides his days at St. Moritz between ski-ing and taking his friends up; his aeroplane is the one he raced in the King's Cup and which came in second for the Siddeley Trophy*

*St. George for England!*

# "LONDON After

**SHOULD the dark thought cross any commercia a helpful, homely guide for country cousin reality, a Hunger Hint, or quid pro quo, let it b motives are of the highest. And equally le thing *should* be doing . . . well, we saw hin**

*Ex-débutantes whinnying over the rails like excited fillies*

SOME people earn their daily bread—some do not—but all claim the right to eat it, and those of us who live in London traipse around, like dreary dromedaries, seeking fodder in its various forms. It may all taste the same in the end, but the background for our appetites, our fellow-feeders, and the personalities of those who minister to our tastes are fitting subjects for fleeting fancies.

Let us begin with the Berkeley, as most of us were "educated" there and gazed, goggle-eyed, at our first glimpse of "London after dark," whilst Ferraro gently schooled us over the fearsome hazards of menu and wine list. Ferraro is more than a perfect restaurant manager, he is a very clever artist, and his hand-done Christmas cards adorn many a mantelpiece. He is also an excellent actor: I saw him once in some blood-curdling drama in which he stabbed everyone in sight, and was, in the end, stabbed himself, dying with the most realistic "kettle on the hob" gurglings.

He has seen us grow from callow, downy youths into "languid lordlings," "glamorous Guardees," "somethings in the City," and "prosperous business gents." Buxom, shiny maidens have graduated from his "finishing school" into "smart young-marrieds," "quiver-filled matrons," and "dashing divorcées." The Berkeley, too, has moved with the times, and the erstwhile ladies' cloakroom has modestly made way for a cocktail lounge!

Next to the restaurant is "Louis' room," where the seeds of many of Mayfair's romances have been sown. This little room is practically a club, screened from the main restaurant so that the Louis clientèle remain discreetly in purdah!

Louis himself hops about like a little cock-sparrow, with a rush of teeth to the beak. He will probably suggest "a few nice oysters," followed by a string of other entrancing dishes. Vegetables? "How about some nice fresh French beans?" He hovers there on tip-toe, with an ecstatic beam at the thought of these horrid little bits of limp greenery.

It is a peculiar fact that nearly every maître d'hôtel, having led you to Olympian Heights with suggestions for soup, fish and entrées, etc., at the mention of vegetables plunges into the abysmal pit of "a few fresh French beans"!

ACROSS Piccadilly looms the Ritz, which is certainly *the* place to lunch. With all due homage to Noel Coward, however, he must have been thinking of two other places and ten other women when he wrote "Children of the Ritz"! True, a few ex-débutantes will swing their way into the lounge and gaze around with studied nonchalance, and certain "wet" youths will trip about saying "Hello, darling!" to people they dislike, in the hope of getting a free lunch, but the swing doors keep revolving to the pressure of "resting" Royalty, visiting cinema stars, famous actors and actresses, and whole posses of well-dressed men and women of uncertain age. The women look as if they were on their way to or from a Memorial Service—black may be fashionable, but it is definitely "yewy"!

The men give the impression of being vaguely in the Diplomatic, and are always rising from or returning to their chairs, and pecking at any outstretched hand. One can never imagine them having been young and keeping white mice or having a tortoise die in their bedroom, and thus realising that bountiful nature and the "Great Reaper" march hand in hand!

IT is difficult to explain why the Ritz is so popular. It cannot be the decoration of the restaurant, with its group of a self-conscious Father Neptune holding a rampant trident in one hand and keeping off a designing female with the other; or the gilt festoons billowing from the ceiling like a gala in the servants' hall on Boxing Day. Admittedly, from the windows you get the finest view in London of the new "poems

*The men give the impression of being vaguely in the Diplomatic . . . pecking at every outstretched hand*

# DARK . . ." or, Round the Restaurants with "EDDIE" TATHAM

mind that what purports to be intent on dining out is, in said at once that Mr. Tatham's it be understood that if any-first. — *Editor, "The Bystander."*

of plumbing" in Piccadilly, and the food is good, but I think we must look to Aletto as being responsible for the success; he knows all his clients and their fads and fancies, and has complete control of his staff. It is well worth watching him soothe a ruffled client with a glance from one eye while administering a snappy "raspberry" to a waiter with the other.

At night the Ritz loses in quantity but not in quality, and you will always find people like the "Ipecacuanhaian" Minister and Herbaceous, Lady Border presiding over dignified parties of fifteen or twenty.

A FEW yards away is "Quaglino's," which is full every day for lunch, dinner and supper, and has been "made" by the personality and hard work of the brothers Quaglino. The little Quaglino is "head man"; he does not talk much, but misses nothing. He will periodically stop at your table and, with raised eyebrows and a mischievous smile, murmur—"Very 'appy, yes?" The bigger brother has a longer ritual: on arrival he will dart forward: "Ah, M'lord 'as not been 'ere for so long, we 'ave been desolated; but now ee is 'ere and we are 'appy. It will be a gala night because m'Lord is 'ere." Then, in a loud voice to the head-waiter, "Very important—the best table and special attention, only the best for m'Lord"—and, of course, we love it and lap it up, and meekly order the champagne that the wine waiter thumbs on the list!

THE Café de Paris is one of the most popular supper resorts in London, and no wonder Poulsen's shadow grows greater and Stocco tears his hair more frequently and soothes restive clients with his "'ave a box of matches," as the crowds nightly grow larger and larger.

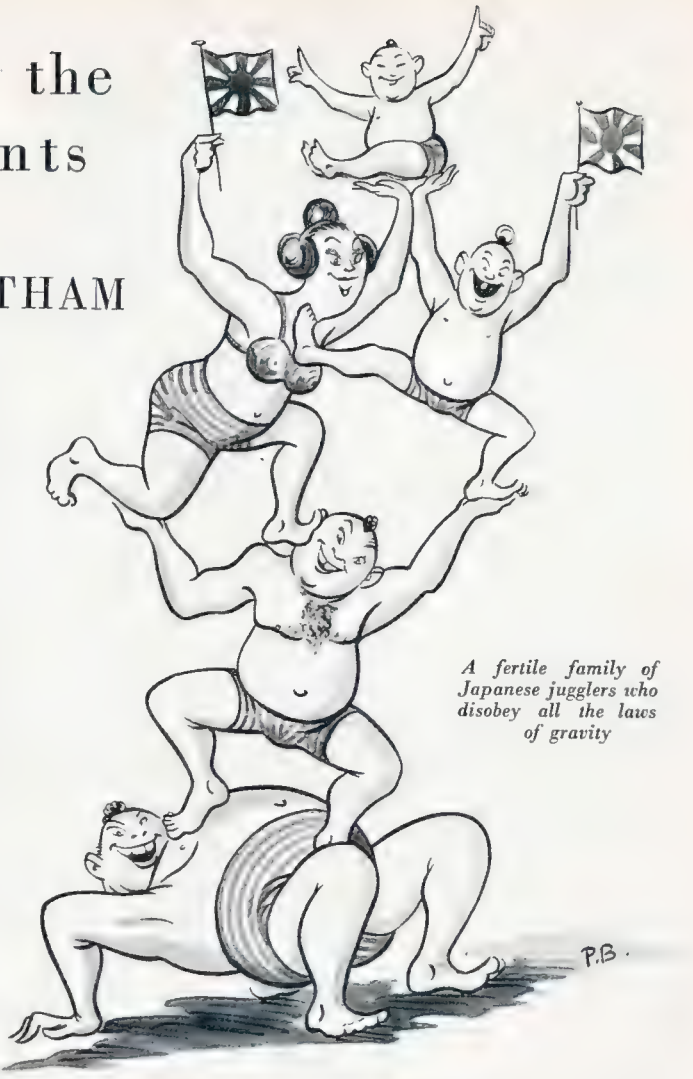
The double staircase to the dance-floor must get its due as a means to the Café's popularity. It is a joy to behold some of our well-known beauties wriggle themselves silly as they simper down in the glare of the spotlight intended for the cabaret artiste. In the balcony, too, you will see some of our ex-débutantes whinnying over the rails like excited fillies at Jack Harris, who seems to act on them like a musical carrot! Poor Jack! Luckily, he has a strong sense of humour!

RESTAURANTS may come and go, but the Savoy, under the one and only Santarelli, goes on for ever; and all praise to the person who thought of the rising floor—it still gives one a thrill when "doing its stuff." The cabaret turns, too, are cleverly arranged not to tax the brain; always popular are the fertile family of Japanese jugglers, who disobey all the laws of gravity on the most random parts of each other's anatomy.

Carroll Gibbons, as leader of the orchestra, is a sure draw, and with presumably only one pair of hands, manages to play the piano, conduct the orchestra, and keep at bay too ardent admirers!

FOR those who want a change from these or any other of the excellent restaurants, there is, of course, the alternative of a club, like the world-famous Embassy, with its demi-smart marrieds and smart demi-marrieds playing "Tom Tiddler's Ground" with each other's spouses and talking rather like "Caviare" writes. Then there is Ciro's, more Bohemian, with an attractive Continental atmosphere, and also newly decorated with a frieze that gives an entirely new version of the human body!

If you do not want to go to bed early, there are some very worthy places where you can dance, and—write it softly, lest the Chief of Police is awake—obtain drinks. You will find the same people you have seen earlier in the evening, only, of course, they are wicked now, as it is after midnight, and they will probably have a glass of tepid champagne or licentious lager on their table. But ease your conscience; the cheerful party next door, with several bottles on their table, are, no doubt, some of our public school police and their girl friends, "making whoopee" at the ratepayers' expense, and collecting evidence for their next raid!




*A fertile family of Japanese jugglers who disobey all the laws of gravity*

*Illustrations by PATRICK BELLEW*

*Making "whoopee" at the ratepayers' expense*

# If Gossip We

*War v. Home Office—What Causes 'Flu—A Walpole Flop—Wet New York—"A Miscellany of Wine"—"Oppie's" Car*

By Hereward

*"Would you mind pointing out what interests you so much?"*

THE War Office marshalled all its forces to fight the 'flu epidemic; the enemy found the W.O. prepared, from the Great White Chiefs to the office-boys and office-girls.

The edict went forth that compulsory gargling, medicine-taking, deep breathing, and so forth, had to be practised regularly, with the result that casualties were pleasantly few.

From the War Office, by the way, I heard (unofficially, of course) the story of the proposed amalgamation between the police and the military when the hunger-marching trouble threatened to be serious. A high official of the former, who is not exactly renowned for his popularity, said to an equally highly placed officer of the Brigade of Guards, "You will hold yourself in readiness to support the police, and, if called upon, will march out of barracks armed with truncheons."

"If your fellows need any help," came the reply, "they shall have it. But the Brigade of Guards does not, on such occasions, march out of barracks except with fixed bayonets."

Fortunately, the need did not arise, or feathers might have started to fly in other spots than Trafalgar Square.

RETURNING to 'flu (which has never left me), here is a theory as to the origin of these epidemics. It seems fantastic, but can, to a certain extent, be backed by facts. In a word, mimosa.

A doctor has just been explaining to me the remarkable coincidence that an outbreak of 'flu in London invariably accompanies the importation of mimosa, which has been for some weeks visible in the florists' shops.

Why this pretty yellow flower should be considered so dangerous I do not pretend to know. But I do know that some years ago I was sick of the 'flu, in more senses than one, at Cannes, when the French doctor made a dash for a bunch of mimosa, snatched it from its vase, and threw it out of the window.

The weak spot in the argument appears to be the fact that mimosa is another name for wattle, the national flower of Australia. If it really has the undesirable properties it is alleged to have, every "Dinkum Aussie" would be in a perpetual state of 'flu-dom. And that he most certainly is not.

HUGH WALPOLE, carrying with him the aura of the Book Society, has gone to sun himself in the West Indies.

But, like a fellow-novelist's absent-minded beggar, he has "left a lot of little things behind him." Among them a play, *The Young Huntress*, which I did not find of the type likely to make anyone sigh for the author's swift return to write another one.

It is—perhaps, all things considered, it would be safer to say "was"—a wordy and silly business, culminating in a sort of sadistic squabble between two sisters.

This, which involved a dog-whip, did not thrill or terrify as did the sadistic streak in *The Man With Red Hair*. It made the audience of the Embassy Theatre, Swiss Cottage, laugh in a way that must have warmed them up to face as chilly a night as one could ever find on the Swiss mountains.

*Vandamm, New York*

*Katherine Cornell and Guthrie McClintic, who is her husband in real life. This married couple are stage stars in America and hope to visit England shortly. The former was here last in 1919, when she played Jo in "Little Women," at the New Theatre*

*Ralph Lynn (actor), Ben Travers (author), and Major C. Q. Steel (business director), seen on the right discussing the new farce, "A Bit of a Test," to be produced at the Aldwych*

*An Aldwych T*

# Must . . .

*Iris Ashley and Mary Ellis as Valerie Livingstone and Sybil Livingstone, in "Double Harness," the new play at the Haymarket Theatre, by Edward Poor Montgomery*

*Una Pidgeon (Eileen Peel), a plebeian Colonial, and Lady Lilian Bedworthy (Lilian Braithwaite), of the caste of Vere de Vere, in "Fresh Fields," at the Criterion*

THE West Indies, by the way, are, alcoholically, wet—very wet. New York, whence a friend has just returned, is dry—and wetter still.

Yet, as he put it concisely, drinking in New York is hardly worth it. The cheap, or even the reasonably priced liquor is apt to be so dangerous that it may cause all manner of ills, of which blindness is one. That certainly is not worth it.

For a bottle of whisky that is trustworthy and the real stuff, your bootlegger will probably charge you eight dollars, and your hotel may charge you ten—which is close on £3. Also not worth it.

My friend went to a "speak-easy"—one of the most fashionable and expensive in New York, directed very decorously by the proprietor, in spite of the fact that he is undergoing a rest-cure in Sing Sing.

Every drink at the bar is two dollars. Even the most hospitable jib at the knowledge that to say to one's companion, "Let 's have a whisky-and-soda," means the expenditure of five-and-twenty shillings.

YET New York will continue to drink in this fashion until the Eighteenth Amendment is repealed—as it will be. Then New York will drink no less.

How much more pleasant is it to regard wine, women, and even song, as we do on this side of the Atlantic!

LET us, for instance, discuss a glass of wine together through the medium of a little book called *A Miscellany of Wine*, by Charles W. Berry. Written in lighthearted fashion about vineyards and vintages, and in a way which combines instruction with amusement, I commend this book, published by Constable at 3*s.* 6*d.*, to your notice. Some of Mr. Berry's descriptions of famous wines are so vivid that the connoisseur can conjure up the very flavour of the wine about which the author writes! Also, it is full of strange information, such as, that a sherry compress is a cure for herpes, which, I believe, is the medical name for that unpleasant complaint, shingles.

IN company with about twelve other guests, I once dined with Mr. Berry, and his impeccable taste was a guarantee that the wines were of the very best. But, in addition to the Rhine wine, which had all the letters in the alphabet mixed up in it before we reached "heimer," and other vintages, our palates were tested with champagne. Before each guest were three champagne-glasses and a little wine from three different magnums was poured into each. We were told that during the war various vintages had become mixed. All that was known about the three magnums was that each was one of three years. We were given those dates, and, after tasting, told

*An Anglo-American Agreement!*

*Herbert Marshall and Jeanette Macdonald have signed an agreement to appear together in British Dominion Films, and here they are with Director Herbert Wilcox drinking success to the partnership. Jeanette is drinking tea, while Herbert Marshall prefers something else*

to write on a card what we thought was the right year. Among the company were many experts, but all were wrong, save one, who correctly stated that the age of all three wines was the same! It was the quality of the cork which made the slight difference. Mr. Berry's concluding note in his little book concerns gin, and it is very right and proper that an author with the name of Berry should write about this spirit, even though his Christian name is not Juniper!

BEFORE finally leaving our cups, however, I must recall the remark of the dignified wine steward when asked by a club member of what a cocktail was composed: "I will enquire, Sir," he said austerely, "I am not a chemist"!

QUITE the most attached author to the Riviera is E. Phillips Oppenheim, who, unlike Somerset Maugham and other literary gents who have habitation there, seldom comes to London, but his affection for the Côte d'Azur is quite understandable after a visit to his attractive villa on the Cagnes golf links, where he dispenses lavish hospitality and good conversation and cocktails galore. But these latter cannot only be sampled at his villa. Should you visit him on his yacht, cocktails will also be the order of the day, but a real surprise will be found while sitting in his Voisin car when, hey presto! a panel opens and there are revealed ice, bottles and cocktail-shaker in order that the occupants can be refreshed at any time, and with any old mixture, while the journey is being made.

THOUGH somewhat later than usual, I hear the Riviera is attracting a good number of visitors despite the fact that the financial slump in the United States has stopped many Americans paying their usual visit.

*Can this picture on the left possibly be the spick-and-span debonair Jack Buchanan? Of a verity it is, as he appears in "Yes, Mr. Brown," on view at the Tivoli*

By Rouson

*"Bring me that book on 'Roughing it in Siberia'!"*

## *ODES OF ENVY*

No. 9.—The Society Novelist.

*IT'S always been my deep regret*
*That I'm not one of those who write*
*Those books about the Smartest Set*
*That cast a fierce and lurid light*
*Upon the very private lives*
*Of lads whose life-work seems to be*
*Seducing other people's wives,*
*For such books make much L.s.d.*

*What fun to pillory those friends*
*Who have offended you a bit*
*And, just to suit your private ends,*
*Make them the object of your wit.*
*How nice to fill your fountain-pen*
*With vitriol and then let fly*
*At those who've snubbed you now and then—*
*And rake the money in thereby*

*How fine to be invited to*
*Big luncheons, dinners, dances, teas*
*By hostesses who beg that you*
*Will "Put me in your next book, please!"*
*What rapture to be pointed out*
*As "Blah, the novelist, you know!"*
*And prove beyond the slightest doubt*
*That sin (in others) brings you "dough"*

* * *

*To bite the hand that fed you is*
*Undoubtedly a paying biz.*
*But I shall never write such stuff—*
*My hide's not nearly thick enough!*

*B. W.*

# Delirious Dialogues : No. 1. Marlene Dietrich and Bernard Shaw

Marlene Dietrich : *" So you are Mr. Schaw? You write a liddle, I tink? "*

G. B. Shaw : *" I am the greatest writer who has ever lived."*

Marlene Dietrich : *" I am the greatest actress, and Von Sternberg, he is the greatest producer. I must introduce you to Von Sternberg—he vill make you famous."*

G. B. Shaw : *" Fame means nothing to me."*

Marlene Dietrich : *" But he has made my legs famous. 'Ow do you like my legs? "*

G. B. Shaw : *" Madam, I am a vegetarian. How do you like London? "*

Marlene Dietrich : *" I tink your London police are wunderbar, but my legs are more wonderful, and so is Von Sternberg."*

G. B. Shaw : *" Have you read my latest book? "*

Marlene Dietrich : *" Ja. It is good, but it vill not sell. It has no sex. Your black girl, she has no sex appeal. But Von Sternberg vill make a film and he vill give her silk stockings and a liddle clothes, and she vill sing in a deep voice. Dat is sex appeal."*

G. B. Shaw : *" No ; I will write a new book, about you. The adventures of a German girl in search of her God."*

Marlene Dietrich : *" Gut ! And do I find my God? "*

G. B. Shaw : *" Certainly, Madam. His name is Von Sternberg."*

## "SADIE THOMPSON"

*Joan Crawford got a big break when she was given the part of Sadie Thompson, in "Rain," the film version of Somerset Maugham's play, which is at the Empire. What she makes of her opportunity our film critic, who expresses an opinion on page 203, and our readers can decide between them. Joan Crawford in this part is worth seeing, anyway, even if she doesn't attain the heights of inspirational acting*

*The Passing Picture Show*

# Just Joan—Not the Crawford

By

Sydney Tremayne

**Risen Stars as Fallen Women**

**Interesting comparisons provoked by Joan Crawford's Sadie Thompson, in *Rain***

*They 're "gift" parts, these fallen women, and should always be reputation-enhancers for the stars who get them. Greta Garbo, in "The Rise of Helga," and Marlene Dietrich, in "Blonde Venus," have both done this sort of thing lately enough to be compared to Joan Crawford in "Rain." Critics are unanimous in their view that their class and hers are not the same; she hasn't found that extra thing that makes good acting more than good acting*

THE upper servants of the masses, like the upper servants of the classes, are called by their surnames alone. The screen has adopted stage traditions so far, and Garbo and Dietrich have attained the same distinction, in this respect, as Bernhardt and Duse.

The one potentially dominating personality among the younger American actresses is Joan Crawford, and her ambition is constantly insisted on. It is generally known that she wanted to act Garbo off the screen in *Grand Hotel*. She never came near to doing so. If you have not seen that picture, or could bear to see it again now that it is generally released, indulge yourself in critical comparison of the two actresses—the rising and the setting star. (Two question marks are demanded here.) Neither is ideally cast, but Garbo, as the neurotic and aging Russian dancer, although she is probably ten years older than Joan Crawford, has an emotional mobility, a spontaneity, a limpidity—something of the spirit, which the girl with the enormous eyes and enormous determination can never achieve. Conscientious hard work can attain success, but it cannot simulate inspiration.

JOAN CRAWFORD has been given more "breaks" than any other young actress. She has had infinitely better parts than those in which Dietrich has contrived to lose her Christian name in Hollywood. In the name part of *Letty Lynton*—which somehow suggested a rose-bud romance and was, in fact, hard-boiled melodrama, with a tarnished heroine and a most villainously persistent seducer in the person of Nils Asther, Joan Crawford came nearest, during her spectacular screen career, to showing great dramatic power. She has tremendous nervous energy, which at times rises to something resembling passion, but she is incapable of pathos.

Her greatest chance is the rôle of Sadie Thompson, in *Rain*, the film based on Somerset Maugham's modern and tropical variation on the Thaïs theme, which gives her the opportunity to depict a whole range of different moods and emotions: sex appeal (American version), effrontery, defiance, fear, humiliation, and the type of hysterical spiritual ecstasy which evangelical reformers can induce in the emotionally unstable and mentally unequipped—almost everything, except passionate love, and there is even a subtle undercurrent of this in her subjection to the domination of Davidson, the fanatic who, in his obsessive concentration on "saving her soul," loses his own.

JOAN CRAWFORD'S clothes and make-up as Sadie Thompson are grotesque and exaggerated. How much more significant was the battered, once charming hat, above the reckless, haggard face of Dietrich in a similar, but inferior, part in *Blonde Venus*? Remember Garbo in *The Rise of Helga*. A great actress does not depend on "properties," checks, and feathers and bangles to convey a spiritual or unspiritual state.

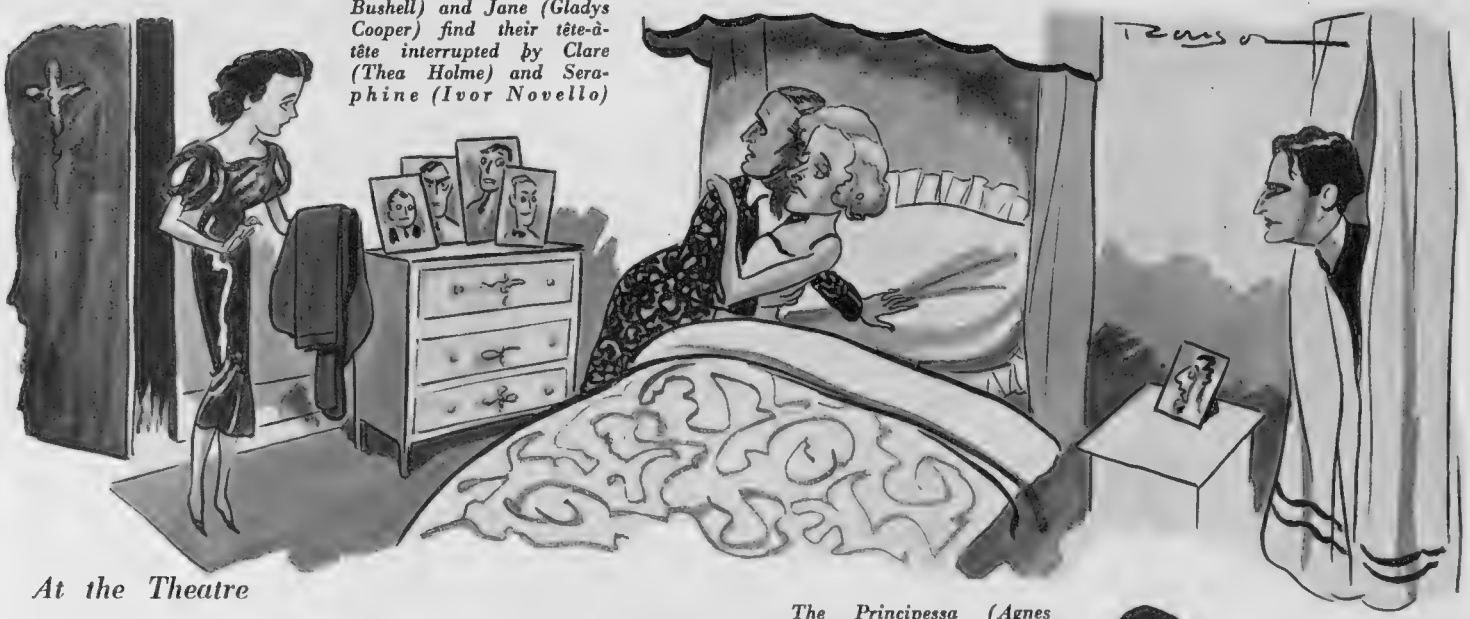
Joan Crawford's best pieces of acting in *Rain* are in the pre-conversion scenes with Walter Huston, when she alternates between cursing malediction and grovelling humility. When the real test comes and she has to portray Sadie hypnotised into fearful faith, the penitent Magdalen, she fails. Again, too much reliance is placed in outward appearance: the shapeless black frock, curls scraped back, brow and face shining with simulated lack of make-up. But that brow and those eyes cannot be spiritualised by such means; she is too cerebral—interesting, but not moving.

I DO not think that the actress was helped by the direction of Lewis Milestone, which seems to me too self-conscious throughout. The opening sequences, showing raindrops falling on to palm-leaves and into a pool, are beautiful and suggestive, but even these were prolonged and over-emphasised. The use of revolving and tracking camera-shots is often tiresome, and Milestone made a mistake in trying to escape from the monotony of environment by moving about the characters and cameras. The essential drama of Maugham's brilliant and subtle short story was the very fact that those ill-assorted people were pent up, imprisoned by the rain, in the small rooms of the store-hotel.

Padding out the story to the requisite number of reels has over-weighted the unessentials so that, by contrast, the "big moments" seem slurred, almost hurried. No actor in the world could convey the change in Davidson from pure evangelic ardour to physical desire by means of almost momentary facial contortion. Certainly Walter Huston fails to do so. He is a brilliant actor, but his conception of this part is at fault. He makes the man a prig, not a fanatic. There is no indication of the entanglement of religious and physical passion which in the story made their mutual hysteria explicable.

MODESTY, or the Censor, saves the public from seeing Davidson enter Sadie's room on the fatal night, for which he atoned by suicide and which cured her of the fever of penitence, and yet a false and really shocking note is introduced when the psalm-singing wife tells the prostitute that she "understands" what has happened, and is sorry for her as well as for the dead man!

It was disappointing that such a magnificent theme was not more adequately interpreted and that the watched-for flame of greatness was not apparent in Joan Crawford's performance. She did her utmost with the part, but it is not enough to realise for Joan, the wife of Douglas Fairbanks junior, her ambition to be known as the Crawford, greatest dramatic actress of her day.



*Bob Mitchell (Anthony Bushell) and Jane (Gladys Cooper) find their tête-à-tête interrupted by Clare (Thea Holme) and Seraphine (Ivor Novello)*

*At the Theatre*

# "Flies in the Sun"

## at the Playhouse

*Sketches by Rouson*

*The Principessa (Agnes Imlay) confesses to Vilma (May Hallatt) that she is a "good girl," but she still has hopes*

IVOR NOVELLO'S sun-lice (why insult the poor fly?) are a dreary lot. The Narcissian young cynic, who attributes his gender to a pre-natal infatuation on the part of his mother for a male dancer (shame!) does most of that loose talking which, in this kind of play, labels "Society" as a mixture of rotten egg and maggoty cheese. If my own blushes failed to rise it was because Denys Blakelock let off his depraved flippancies with such a disarming smile; as one who would say: "You really must excuse my naked limbs and embarrassing remarks: but this is the South of France, and you know what we beach-bugs are."

*The professional love-maker, Seraphine (Ivor Novello), and the amateur, Jane Marquis (Gladys Cooper), here compare notes*

The essence of vice is glamour. There is precious little of it in these sybarites who dive so gracefully off stage rocks (on to what, I wonder?—they do it very well, and the splash noises are perfectly timed). They are only an exclamatory chorus italicising the contrast between the badness of Jane Marquis (Gladys Cooper) and the newly-wedded innocence of the Mitchells. Jane is rich, thirty-nine, and a husband-snatcher. In no time, Bob Mitchell (Anthony Bushell), in green pyjamas, the gift of his seductress, is kissing her in a white-canopied bed. Against Jane's technique, in that kind of bed, Bob is as vulnerable as Larwood's boots. In walks Bob's nice young wife (Thea Holme) and decides to give him a month's fun with Jane. She thinks by then he 'll have got rid of the microbe and be ready to come back to her, completely cured and ready to begin married life in earnest. Well, as Denys Blakelock says when Seraphine bids him "move up" on Jane's bed—"If anyone had told me!"

Seraphine (Ivor Novello) is a démodé film-star and Jane's last lover, now discarded. In a heroic effort to save the Mitchells he nearly gets Jane back as a lover. But Jane, who has been passionately kissed by two men within ten minutes, sees through his story of going back to his wife in Hollywood and poor, unhappy Seraphine goes out and shoots himself. Being at heart not a bad sort he has the decency to perform the operation inaudibly and unseen.

THE last scene, which we might call "Her Daughter's Happiness; or Mother-Love Triumphant," is frankly a lump of sugar to take away the taste of too much sophistication. Jane nearly steals the rich young man (Tony Bruce) who is engaged to her schoolgirl daughter (Dorothy Hyson) and has come from Paris to obtain mother's blessing. The change to the grand finale of maternal sacrifice is no easy task, but Miss Cooper melts convincingly into the minor key. Dorothy Hyson has all youth's peaches-and-cream allure, plus promise in plenty, to add to the luck of being Dorothy Dickson's daughter. Ivor Novello is quietly piteous as the heart-broken failure who was once a demi-god of the silent screen.

TRINCULO.

# Scarlet and White

## The Hambledon Hunt Ball

*Mr. Jack Blake (centre), the Master of the Hambledon, with Mrs. Blake and Mr. James Chrystal, of Meonstoke House, who is the Hon. Secretary*

*A group at the South-Western Hotel, Southampton, where the dance was held: behind, Miss Hawkins, Mr. Bickford, Mr. Frink, Mr. Duff, Mrs Williamson, and Mr. Jocoades; in front, Mrs. Frink, Mrs. Margetts, Mr. J. P. Chrystal, Mrs. Bonham-Carter, Miss Chrystal, and Mrs. Gerry Ross*

*One of the most decorative people at the dance was Mrs. Standish, Mr. "Teddy" Standish's attractive wife; she is with Mr. Anthony Hill*

*Mr. R. C. Hulbert, R.A., and Miss Jean Harrap give the camera an exclusive pose*

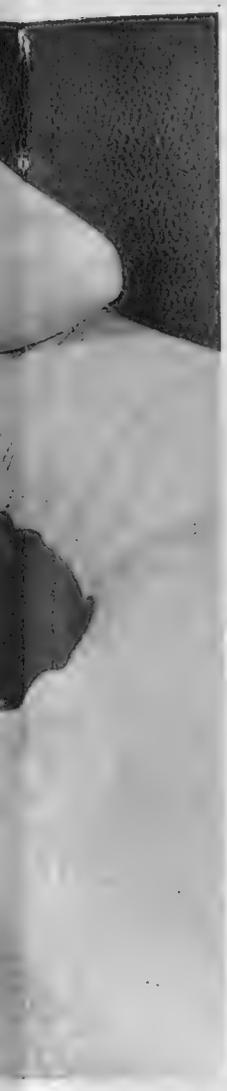
*Above: a sitting-out party of five were Mr. Gordon, Mrs. A. F. Coryton, Mr. Guy Hudleston, Miss Lydia Huth, and Miss Shuttleworth*

*Right: helping the band seems to be a regular hunt ball feature. This week Miss Phyllis Bayford and Mr. Leonard Clugh-Taylor act as saxophone reserves*

*The eternal triangle as patterned by Noel Coward is whoopee fo box-office. Lynn Fontanne, sensuous, philosophical, glamor Coward, a playwright, and Alfred Lunt, an artist; a Paris's Lynn runs from the men's rivalry, to marry in New York. ex-lovers claiming their girl-friend again; quarrels are off, and t to Paris. That's the story. The picture left gives Lynn thro*

# "DESIGN FOR LIVING"

## Coward's Comedy a Class Draw on Broadway



*for the New York*
*vorous, lives with*
*'studio's their set.*
*rk. Above are the*
*d the trio ship back*
*rowing her glamor*

*Above: the New York penthouse where Coward and Lunt find their mislaid girl. Their toast goes this way—"We sure do miss you"—and she can't resist it. Lynn Fontanne is irresistible too; she wavers around between her men and keeps them guessing, but she takes the audience with her all the way*

*Left: Noel Coward gets to it with Lynn while his rival's out of Paris. Coward's acting is reported subtle, nervously vital, finely comedic; while Alfred Lunt plays with brilliant bravado and forceful intensity of feeling*

*Right: the Paris flat, with two of the triangle in depressive mood. But crackling dialog, and mocking humor that impudently twists dramatic situations are the true bill of "Design for Living," which broke into its New York run last week. That spelling and such comes with the photographs; they haven't been here long enough to get it keyed down*

*Exclusive "Bystander" photographs by Vandamm Studios, New York*

# Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

## Mainly about Wales

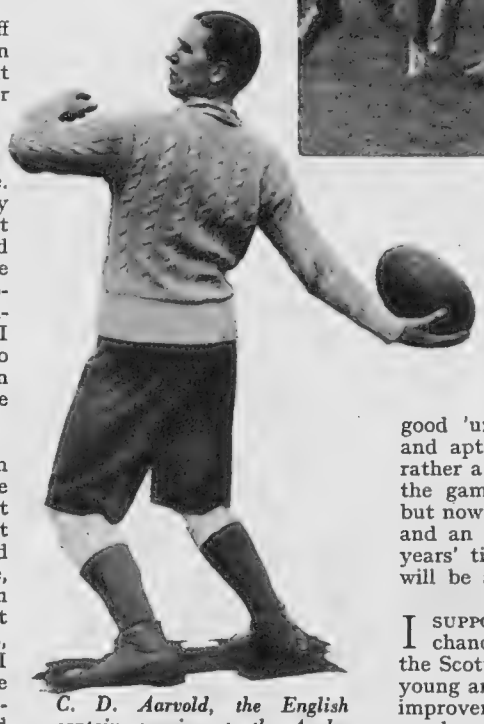
*After the England v. Wales Match at Twickenham a Ball was held—but not of the Rugby variety—at the May Fair Hotel. Above are three of the guests: Mrs. Wakefield, Mr. W. W. Wakefield, the old England captain, and Mrs. Colin Laird*

*Wales beat England for the first time at Twickenham by seven points to three. The picture above shows an English forward, for once in a way, getting the ball from a line-out*

At last Wales have done it, and everyone is pleased about their triumph at Twickenham. I suppose we ought to draw all sorts of conclusions from the match, and doubtless I shall get into trouble if I say that, as far as I can see, England are rather a poor side, and Wales are very little better. But there it is—that 's how I feel about it; for if Wales clearly deserved to win, it was not because they played great football, but because England deserved to lose for throwing away at least two perfectly good chances in the first twenty minutes.

Now you will probably accuse me of being hyper-critical, so I 'd better attempt to justify myself, and to begin with, I 'll admit that the Welsh forwards, particularly in the second half, were magnificent. But remember the conditions in which the match was played—turf springy and firm, no rain, hardly any wind, and a dry ball. Ideal conditions, in fact, for an open, attacking game, and yet not one single successful constructive movement behind the scrummage did we see.

This was partly the fault of the stand-off halves, for the ball reached them often enough and fast enough for the development of mid-field attack, but they failed rather dismally to give their centres any kind of chance. The fault, however, was not entirely theirs, and I must say that, in my opinion, the referee was largely to blame. He allowed far too much off-side spoiling by back-row forwards, with the result that most movements were strangled at birth. And this brings us to what was, as I see it, the outstanding feature of the match, this obstructional work on the fringes of the scrummage, and more strongly than ever do I believe that until some steps are taken to restrict the activities of the roving gentlemen in the back row, we shall never again have really constructive three-quarter play.



*C. D. Aarvold, the English captain, previous to the Anglo-Welsh Match, practising a throw from a line-out on the H.A.C. ground in the heart of the City*

Still, it doesn't do to worry over-much about this kind of thing, nor are we justified in wailing unduly about the defeat of England. The fact of the matter is that England were beaten by a better side, and there 's nothing to panic about. As I write, the English team for the Irish match, on February 11th, has not been announced, but I shall be very surprised if the Selectors, in their wisdom, make many changes. I imagine, indeed, that they will keep the backs en bloc—if, that is to say, the unfortunate Gerrard has sufficiently recovered from his eye injury—and they will only make one or two changes among the forwards. There is no doubt that some stiffening and enlivening of the pack is necessary, and it may be that Kendrew will give the needed zest and fire to the forward work.

As for Wales, who play Scotland at Swansea next Saturday, they surely must give their victorious team another chance, and it will be all against expectation if Wales do not go through the season undefeated. When all is said and done, this is a pretty useful Welsh side, though the scrummaging will have to improve a bit, and I 'm by no means sure that Claude Davey is the best partner for young Wooller in the centre. And what about the boy Wooller, who, came to Twickenham trailing clouds of glory? Well, I must say that he looks a good 'un to me. He is naturally very inexperienced and apt to get out of position, and he found Burland rather a handful, but he shaped like a player throughout the game. He was given no chance at all in attack, but now and again he sprang into his stride very quickly, and an uncommonly long stride it is. In two or three years' time we shall find, I think, that Master Wooller will be an extremely awkward customer.

I suppose Scotland are hoping to beat Wales, but their chances are rather remote. Mind you, I agree that the Scottish Selectors have shown courage in picking so young and thrustful a team, but I 'm told that one or two improvements could be made, particularly among the forwards. I hear, too, that P. Gedge completely outplayed K. L. T. Jackson at stand-off half in the final Scottish trial, and that we may expect with some confidence to see G. P. S. Macpherson back in the Scottish side before the season is over. And, after all, why shouldn't Macpherson represent Scotland again? It is the fashion to speak of him as a veteran, but the truth is that he is not yet thirty, and that he began his International football career at an even earlier age than Wooller, so that we think of him almost as an old man. He is a grand player—perhaps he would not be at his best in the Swansea mud—but England will be very well pleased if he is not chosen for the Calcutta Cup match, in March. Well, if Scotland win on Saturday, those of us who are professional prophets will be horribly confounded, but I think we may at least be certain of an exceptionally interesting match.

# The Tote-al Eclipse Stakes

## This Week's Short Story by H. H. Harris

# Westminster Whispers

## Un-Parliamentary Asides: By "Big Ben"

*Admiral Sir A. Ernle H. Chatfield, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., C.V.O., who has been appointed First Sea Lord*

One of the first events of the new Parliamentary Session, which begins next Tuesday, is the 1922 Committee Dinner. The 1922 Committee is, I suppose, the one committee of back-bench Members which is considered seriously by the Government.

Back-benchers are prone to the forming of committees amongst themselves. But, somehow, these self-appointed guardians of this, that and the other interest fail to be effective.

The 1922 Committee is different. To begin with, it is not in the least particular. Any member of the Conservative Party (so long as he is a back-bencher) is eligible, and, nowadays, with a National Government, Liberal Nationalists and National Labourites can come in too. There used to be a subscription fee of ten shillings a year, but I understand, in these days of economy, that that has gone by the board. Perhaps the Secretary found it too hard to collect the bad debts!

Then the Committee have only one object and that a general one, the preservation of the back-bencher. Now last year, most unwisely, the Committee decided they would stop criticising the Government, which is their usual rôle in life—and a very salutary one it is—and see if they could not be really helpful. They began on Economy. They produced a number of exceedingly drastic reports. The whole lot were gathered together and, without a word to the Committee, without a word to the Sub-Committee who had done the work, they were published as a whole; published on the sole authority of Sir Gervais Rentoul, who had been Chairman of the Committee since 1922.

The effect was terrific. Educationists who had proposed colossal cuts in the Army and Navy found themselves supporting equally colossal cuts in Education. M.P.s who sit for dockyard constituencies found themselves supporting reductions which would put half the remaining dockers and shipyard hands out of work. All of these economies might be effected, but, in the bulk, they were too drastic

*Alfred Leete's idea of the situation in Ireland, showing Cosgrave and De Valera up in the air electioneering, while below General O'Duffy (Chief of Police and Superintendent of the Draw), Captain Spencer Freeman (Technical Adviser), J. O'Sheehan (Director), and Joseph McGrath (Managing Director), with their large staff, are seen raking in the shekels secured from the Irish Hospital Sweep*

Revolt was organised. Lord Cranborne was furiously active. It was discovered that Sir Gervais had Mr. Chamberlain's support; there was a suggestion of Governmental control over the Committee's actions. The independence of the back-bencher was at stake. There was a protest meeting. Members of the Committee who had joined in the dim ages long ago but had never attended a meeting; members who had been exalted to Cabinet rank but had sunk back to their natural level were discovered and hurried in. A ballot was held, and Sir Gervais was "out," defeated by the backwoodsmen.

And yet, in the flush of victory, there was a feeling of not having treated very well the man who primarily was responsible for the prestige which the Committee enjoys.

Typically English, the purged Committee solves its problem by a dinner. When next week Mr. Baldwin is entertained, as is customary, Sir Gervais is coupled with him as Guest of Honour. So everyone breathes again and one dinner does for two. What Mr. Baldwin thinks about it all, and what Sir Gervais thinks, had probably be best left to the imagination, in which, apparently, the Committee is painfully lacking.

Sir Gervais Rentoul's successor is Mr. W. S. Morrison, Parliamentary Private Secretary to Sir Thomas Inskip, the Attorney-General, and Member for Cirencester.

He is a grey man: grey-faced, grey-haired, grey-clothed. He has a grey personality: dull and rather unattractive. But he speaks well and gives one the impression of being able, if he wished, to say more than he cares to. Why he doesn't say it, if he can, is a mystery. He has a safe seat, which, incidentally, doesn't cost him one penny, and what has he to lose?

Mr. Morrison is a Scotsman. Now, what a good many people cannot understand is why the constituency of Cirencester, lacking neither men nor money, should have to send to Scotland for its Parliamentary representative. What is the process of selection in Cirencester? But it is only one of many. Carpet-baggers (I mean no offence to Mr. Morrison, who is, I am sure, the best of Members) should be discouraged. The Socialist Party goes after the local man every time.

*Col. J. J. Shute, the new Conservative Member for the Liverpool Exchange Division, being presented with a lucky horse-shoe by his five-year-old nephew, Ian Douglas*

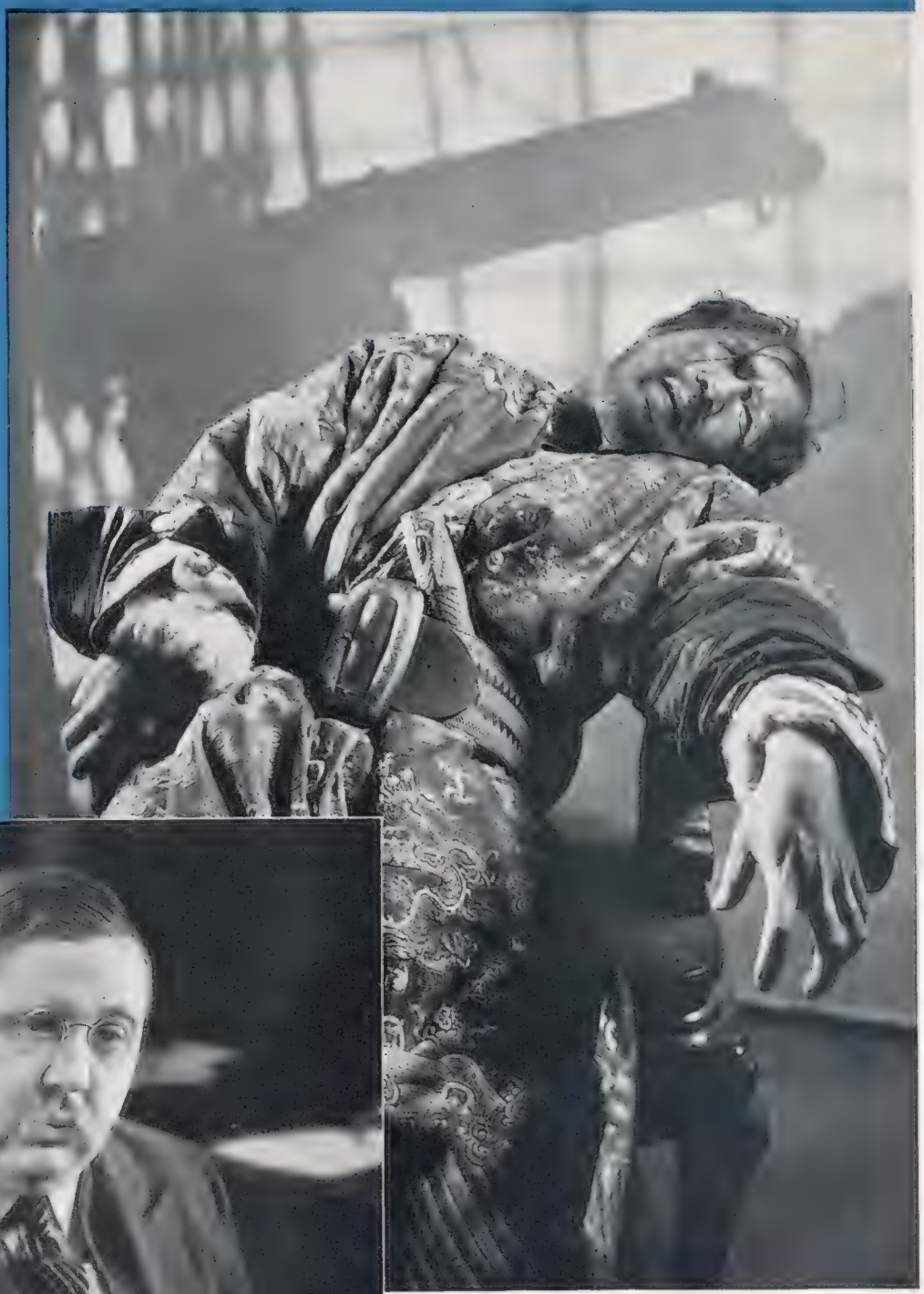
# DEWAR'S

*— always a welcome "find"!*

# "Spot the Stars"

## Our Guess-Again Department Says Maybe You're Wrong

Is this Laughton Twice, or isn't it?



*—And this is Tetsu Komai, the Japanese actor, in "Soldiers of Fortune"*

*This is Charles Laughton, in "If I had a Million"—*

THIS is the first set of pictures in our £10,000 "Spot the Stars" Competition; or may be—if we can keep our enthusiasm. There are practically no rules. Use one of our Women's Golf Coupons to enter, or, if you can't find one, an old envelope or the back of a sandwich will do just as well. This Laughton business is easy, because we've given you the answer. Look out for some real teasers next week.

*Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme*

# "Steel Shaft's" Last Shot: A Letter to Miss Wanda Morgan

DEAR BYSTANDER—

"STEEL SHAFT" tells me that this is the last Open Letter we are to have from her; she doesn't seem to consider there are any more golfers of sufficient importance, and her supply of adjectives, so she says, is breaking down.

So that is that, and next week I will try to sum up what her criticisms have amounted to, add any little items of my own, and then leave the players to get on with the game as they please.

At the moment, golf looks amazingly unlikely as a way of passing a pleasant two hours. I came past a course this morning: the tee boxes were lying forlornly on their side, presumably so that the wet might drain out of the sand and not freeze into one conglomerate mass; the fairways were under an unbroken mantle of white, growing purer in tone on the greens themselves. At least, so I believe, but as the frost had produced a good deal of fog on this particular suburban course, I would not swear to a blade of grass or a snowflake more or less. All I know is that it looked extremely uninviting, and I did not wonder that there was no one either playing golf, learning it, or working on the course.

Somebody, the day before, had actually said to me—perhaps she only wanted to start an argument—that she rather liked playing on a frozen course, because. . . . Only I did not hear the reason, owing to somebody else breaking in with a more relevant topic of how glorious the Surrey hills looked under snow and sun, as they were at that minute, or how likely we were to twist an ankle on the frozen ground if we didn't attend to where we were going.

Personally, I think golf, when your ball may leap fifty foot in the air and quite as many to right or left, off a truly struck shot which was meant to be a run up straight down the middle of the fairway to the centre of the green—when, I say, such a thing as that is likely to happen, let me sit by the fire and play "Kargo," or study the fixture list for the coming season.

OF course, quite the most interesting fixture for 1933-34 is the tour to South Africa and the Antipodes, but there is not much to say about that until one hears which of the fifteen suggested players are able to go, and which of that fifteen are finally chosen for the actual five. No doubt I shall have any amount of gossip to give you about that tour after the L.G.U. dinner on Tuesday, February 7th. The more the merrier, as far as I am concerned; it may save me from having to try and describe to you what everybody was wearing, which I never feel is my forte. I believe one famous golfer has never quite recovered from my describing her dress at one of these dinners as sand-coloured. She need not have minded. Sand is a valuable substance, worth untold gold to a golf club, and its colours are manifold and beautiful.

What can be discussed here and now is the announcement from the Wildernesse Country Club that they will hold Open Mixed Foursomes on Saturday, March 18th, in aid of the funds of the Kent County Playing Fields Association. Miss Cecil Leitch finds time, in spite of all her work for the main stem of the N.P.F.A., to be Chairman of this most flourishing and lively branch of the splendid affair, and Kent have always been so particularly go-ahead over competitions like this that there is no doubting there will be a big entry.

THERE is to be a combined handicap limit of 32, but couples over that limit may enter and compete on 32. That is kind and wise. A more unusual clause, but one which will be equally popular, allows professionals to play "under usual handicap"—whatever that may mean, for surely it differs in different places whether the professional is rated at plus 3, plus 4, or plus 5? However, no matter. What does matter is that all those splendid partnerships which used in past years to win THE BYSTANDER Trophy for lady-cum-professional, need shed no tears, because that trophy is now to go for men, amateurs, unsupported by the other sex. Instead, all can go and prove at Wildernesse that undoubtedly *they* would have won again this year if only the competition had still been extant in that form. What golfers would do if only there were no "if only" in the vocabulary, I always tremble to think. At all events, there will be a trophy for each winner at the Wildernesse, mementoes for the runners-up, and other prizes, according to the number of entries.

THE date seems an excellent one. The Ladies' London Foursomes at Worplesdon on the Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of the same week will have done some pretty little tuning-up; the Gold Cup at Roehampton on the Friday will have administered a final polish, and on the Saturday, when hard-worked man emerges from his office to partner a fair dame at Wildernesse, the said dame ought to be ready to do all the hard work, and to make every excuse for her knight if his sword should be a trifle rusty for the first few strokes.

The Wildernesse is very attractive; the cause of the Kent County P.F.A. one that needs no pleading, and I am sure that the Secretary thereof, at 9, King Street, Maidstone, will find himself besieged with requests for entry forms.

Talking of entry forms, the first for the Northern Foursomes won't appear until March 1st this year, the date being as late as April 25th, but the Spring Medal form will be in these pages on February 15th, play being April 7th. I suppose at the L.G.U. dinner folk will be beginning to fix up partnerships for both these.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

## "Steel Shaft's" Open Letters—Last, but Not Least

### No. 10.

### To Miss Wanda Morgan

MY DEAR MISS WANDA MORGAN,

I CAN'T help including you in this series, although you haven't had a medal, let alone a championship, in 1932. I rather think that was bound to happen. Very few young players can come right to the top, as you did, and stay there, without a partial collapse for a bit. Then they start off again and get back to their right place. That is what I think you will do, because you have got a most beautiful swing, as good as many a professional's, true and rhythmical and powerful. What I do not like about your game is your putting, and until you have got that right I somehow feel you will lose a good many matches that you ought to win, and will have to be content with lesser honours than ought really to be yours. It 's all very well when you 're practising by yourself, or sometimes in a match (even an important match), when you 've a fit of inspiration, but you do not consistently strike the ball on the green in the way which is the least susceptible to nerves. A club held long and a break in the wrists are all very well when you feel inspired, but they are terribly apt to wobble when you yourself feel wobbly. That is the time when something stiff and short gets the ball into the hole more consistently. At least, that is what I feel about it. If you were surer of your putting, you would get a little more confidence. Though we should all hate to see you anything else than the entirely modest golfer you are, for Great Britain's sake I should like to be a fairy godmother and give you a pinch of self-confidence powder. May you acquire it by means of learning to putt more consistently.

Yours critically,
STEEL SHAFT.

*Miss Wanda Morgan*

*Vandamm, New York*

***Rose Franken***

*A photograph of the author of "Another Language," which was such a success in America before it came here to the Lyric*

THIS week I have so many novels to choose from that I can only feel deeply for Mr. Jardine and his fellow-selectors as they appraise their seventeen stalwarts on the eve of a Test Match. I have, it is true, an obvious opening pair in Messrs. H. G. Wells and Eden Phillpotts—a deal more obvious than anything as yet discovered in Australia!—but the rest of my team do not choose themselves as readily as a selection committee would like. However, let us make a start with Mr. Wells.

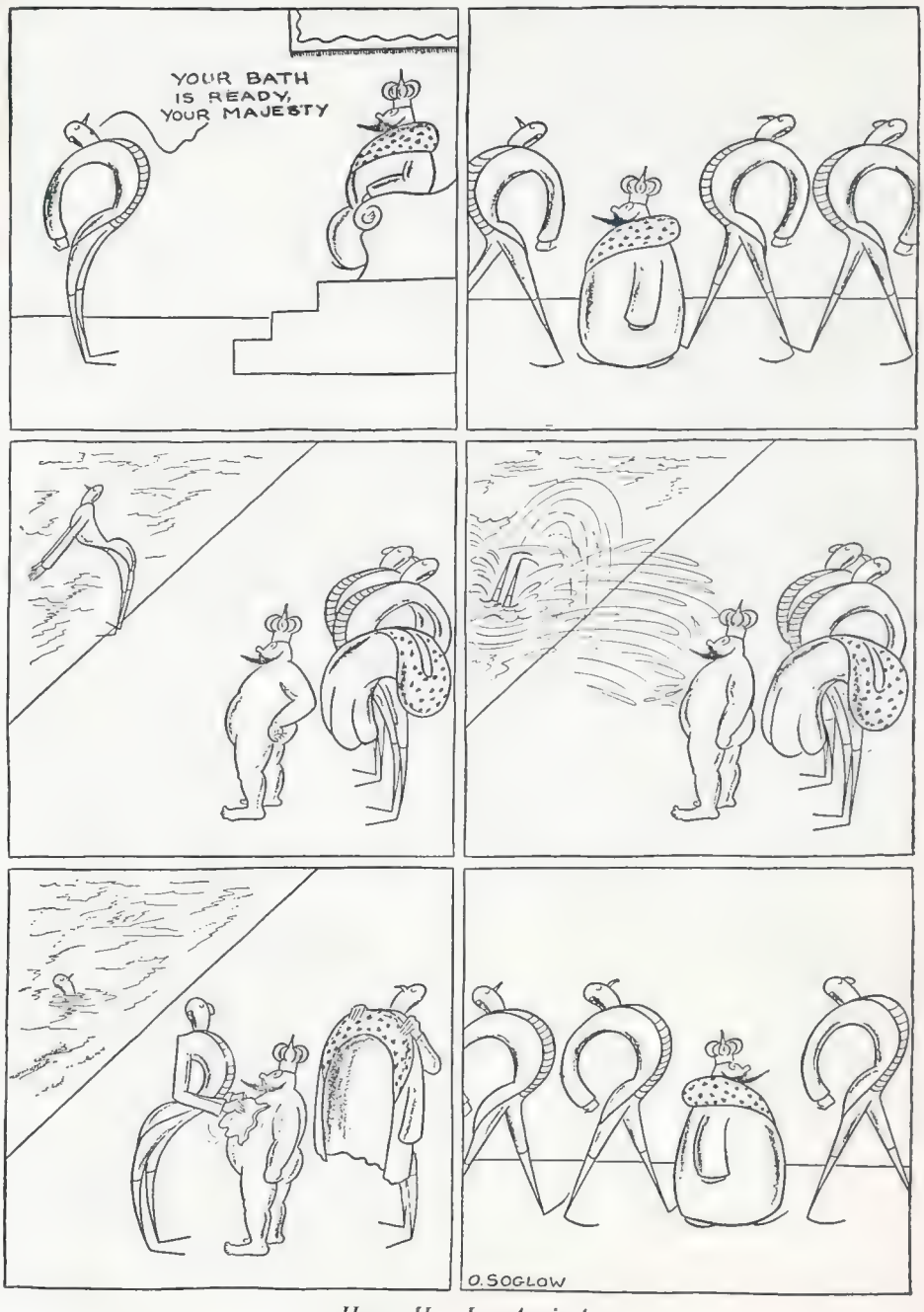
THE Bluffington of Bluff might well have been the title of his latest novel, *The Bulpington of Blup* (Hutchinson; 8*s.* 6*d.*), for poor Theodore Bulpington certainly bluffed himself, even if he was not quite so successful in bluffing other people. Theodore is a complex character, introspective and romantic, and yet, in the dreams and fancies of his childhood, no different from the rest of us. But, unhappily for himself, he does not shed, as we all pride ourselves on doing, these fancies with adolescence, and by the time he is twenty, self-absorption is drifting dangerously into self-delusion. The War finds him out for what he is, a coward and a humbug. With the aid of a vivid imagination he early convinces himself that he is physically unfit, and, when at length he is pitchforked into France, his platoon commander, after one look at him, hastily recommends him for a nice safe job in a distant back area. Thence, at the Armistice, he emerges in a halo of glory, "Capt. Blup-Bulpington, at your service." However, Margaret, his long-suffering lady love, sees through him and leaves him for a better man, thereby giving Theodore an excuse for yet another pose, that of the injured lover, and for a grotesque affectation of manly forbearance towards his supplanter, of whom he is, of course, really frightened to death. On he struts through life, padding himself more and more carefully against its brutal realities and priding himself on his sense of values, until at last he finds solace in the company of two simple maiden ladies in remote Devon, who listen to his inspired heroics with open mouths and beating hearts, the poor mutts! And so, finally, to bed, with the grandfather clock presenting hands to an officer and a gentleman.

*Books of the Week*

# Bulpingtons and Brydens: By "Ericus"

I HAVE tried to give you some idea of this brilliantly executed character-study, but you will be even greater mutts than the two maiden ladies if you do not read it for yourselves. The strange thing about it all is that, to start with, I imagined Theodore to be a sympathetic character—another Kipps, perhaps—and it was only at Chapter V., or thereabouts, that I realised that he stands for everything his creator detests; for all those æsthetic shams and vanities at which Mr. Wells loves to tilt. There is, by the way, a curious error in the account of Theodore's unheroic war experiences. Mr. Wells speaks of B and D Sections of a platoon. I admit that Captain Blup-Bulpington was a law unto himself. But was his regiment?

(*Continued on page 226*)




***Here He Is Again!***

*A second adventure of Soglow's "His Majesty"; this imaginary royal gentleman appeared in "The Bystander" for the first time last week*

# A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander"

By Madge Garland

SEEN in the Grand Hotels of Europe. At the Eden Hotel, Berlin, a grey suit of Edwardian line trimmed with monkey fur; at the Miramar, Cannes, a turtle-necked jumper worn beneath a blue-and-white striped over-dress; at the Ritz, London, a brown cloth suit accompanied by a grey blouse, belt and fox; at the Ritz, Paris, black velvet and organdie, with an osprey perched on the very small toque; at the Negresco, Nice, a white flannel mess jacket and a navy blue skirt

*Elizabeth Ivimey*

# the 3 waistlines

A FLAME colour Vionnet gown from Olga Fernande worn by Miss Leonora Corbett

# two contrasting styles

Above: a black straw Suzanne Talbot model from Debenham and Freebody. Below: two views of a new felt hat from Scott's, which may be obtained in several different colours

*Helen Macgregor*

# the Spring Fabrics

THERE are a number of floral designs to be found amongst the new silks and chiffons, but the flowers are more natural and less conventionalised than formerly. Ducharne

THE large tulip above is made of Rodier's Diagonale Dialex, a cotton material which in no wise betrays its origin. The wide diagonal weave is raised with a crêpe cotton thread

THE leaf of the tulip is made of Rodier's Creplic Diagonale, another of Rodier's famous crêpe weaves but this time carried out in wool and printed with broken diagonal lines

THE hanging tulip shows one version of les Disques Toilynic, a material composed of 30% linen and 70% ramie. The ground is of natural colour and the spots coloured

THE bluebells shown on the upper stalk are of Crêpe Aelic, a Rodier material composed entirely of pure wool and printed with small spots of a contrasting colour

THE bluebells on the lower stalk are made of a Ducharne marocain, a material which is creeping back to favour, and shows one of the geometrical patterns now so popular

CRÊPE silk is one of Ducharne's novelties this summer. It has a dull surface, is uncrushable, and the one shown above is patterned with gay multi-coloured flowers

THE curling leaf above shows one of Ducharne's loveliest materials, an uncrushable silk organdie patterned with a rhythmic design which gives the semblance of movement

THE daffodil shows one of Chanel's novelties, a material made of silk and linen which she uses instead of organdie. It comes in natural colour with a tiny design in red or blue

THE curtain on the right shows one of Chanel's new thin woollen fabrics. This one is in pale grey and the bright scarlet stripes give the effect of cross-stitch embroidery

# The Household Brigade in Mimic Battle

## A Match against Roehampton at Worplesdon

*Lord Tennyson (Household Brigade), cricketer, critic of Australian critics, and golfer too, going to the 5th green with Commander H. J. Orr (Roehampton)*

*Left: Captain I. A. Erskine (Household Brigade) and Major N. R. L. Chance (Roehampton) at the 1st tee*

*Above: J. C. M. Shepard (Roehampton) and Lieut.-Colonel J. S. Hughes on their way to the 6th*

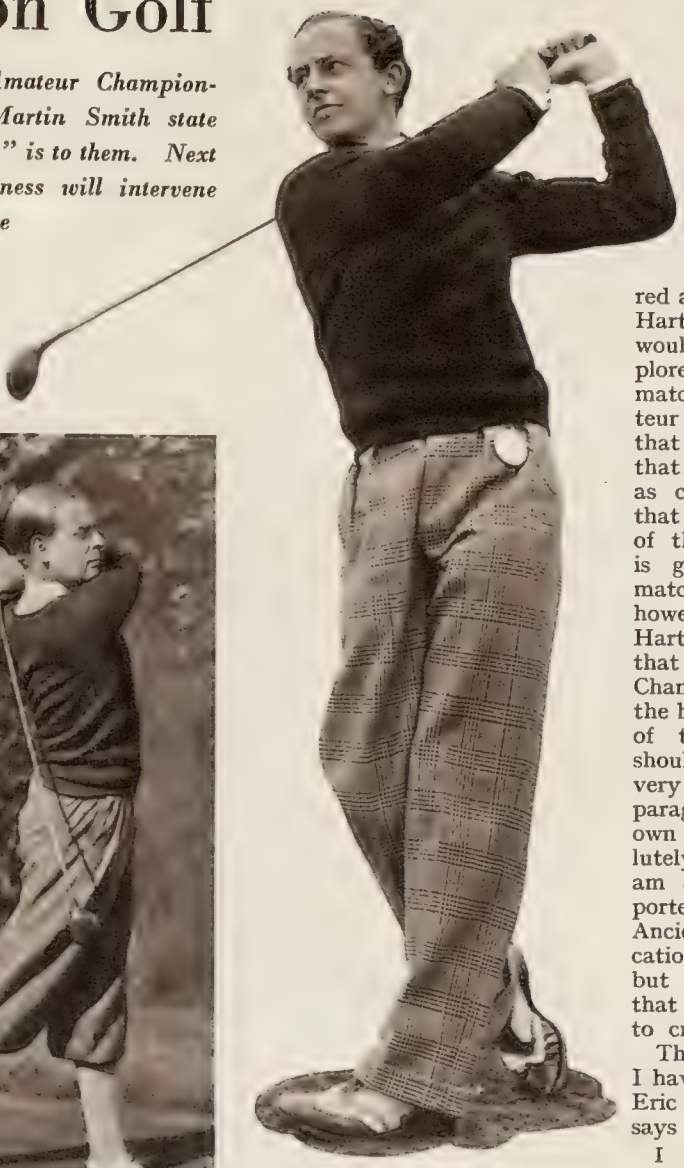
*Left: Colonel H. C. B. Miller (Roehampton) on the way to the 1st green with D. S. Fisher-Rowe (Household Brigade)*

*Below: H. Chesterton (Roehampton), General Sir H. Fawcus (Roehampton), Captain E. R. Fryer (Household Brigade), and his son, F. C. Fryer*

*Captain C. L. Backhouse (Roehampton) and R. H. Bushman (Household Brigade). The dog with the latter is called Tinker*

# F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

*More opinions—sharply divided—about the Amateur Championship conditions. Rex Hartley and Eric Martin Smith state their views, and very grateful "The Bystander" is to them. Next week, Dale Bourn and Sir Ernest Holderness will intervene in this most interesting debate*



*Eric Martin Smith, who also contributes his equally outspoken views on the Amateur Championship conditions*

WHEN I wrote the article which appeared in last week's BYSTANDER, in which I made a somewhat violent attack on the conditions of the British Amateur Championship as they at present stand, I had no idea that I was stirring up so much excitement. I asked certain well-known golfers for their opinions on the subject and expected just a few words from each. But, instead, I have received miniature articles, which my correspondents kindly state I may use for publication.

Before I go any further, therefore, I should like to state how grateful I am to these friends of mine for their collaboration, and also how pleased I am that the subject has proved of such great interest to them. I had thought that I would discuss these criticisms in the week following the publication of my original article, but this is quite impossible owing to the length of the replies which I have received. I will therefore devote two or three weeks to the subject, because it is a very important matter to all golfers.

The first letter which I have received comes from Rex Hartley, and is as follows :

*Rex Hartley, whose very outspoken opinion on Amateur Championship conditions appears on this page*

I have read your article with enormous interest, and I entirely agree with your alleged purpose, which is to find the best amateur golfer in the British Isles each year ; but I feel that, even with the assistance of your red handkerchief, you have only gone a short way towards that purpose. In my opinion, the way to find the best amateur golfer in the British Isles each year would be to conduct the Amateur Championship on precisely the same lines as the Open Championship : that is to say, two rounds of qualifying, one hundred players and ties to qualify, and from then on, 72 holes of medal play. Medal play requires not only the highest standard of golfing skill, but also the perfect temperament, and *real courage*. I regard the person who alleges that match play and medal play are entirely separate games as somebody who either does not face the facts or is extremely stupid. To my mind, match play requires very much less courage in that one can, with a bright smile, dismiss some filthy shot which, in a medal round, would certainly entail a penalty of three or four strokes, and say to oneself : "It is just one hole lost!" To my mind, such an attitude embraces neither courage nor temperament. The only merit, if it may so be called, that a "match player" can have against a "medal player" is merely psychological ; to enlarge, it is found in the player who is unpleasant to play against either on account of his disposition and demeanour, or for some idiosyncrasy which he cannot help—*i.e.*, a player who takes four hours to play 18 holes, or a man who is apt to use the rules. It seems to me that the Amateur Championship to discover the best player each year in the British Isles could be conducted on the lines of the Open Championship, and, if desired, there could be a competition compared with the American P.G.A. Championship to give the people with these psychological match-play gifts an opportunity, a round of 36 holes qualifying, 32 players and 36-hole match play from then on. The English Golf Union and Scottish Golf Union Championships have simply duplicated our own Amateur Championship.

However, I should like to make it clear that I am a hundred per cent. supporter of the Royal and Ancient, and even if all their ideas may not coincide with mine, yet they are the world-governing body of the game and deserve all the support of all golfers.

It would appear from the above that Rex Hartley thinks that my suggested alterations in the conditions of the Championship only go half-way. My red handkerchief, in his view, is only pink. He goes so far as to say that a really successful match player is almost certainly a man who, however pleasant and charming he may be off the course, is neither of these two things on it. I cannot myself change pink to red and agree with Rex Hartley, because I would personally deplore the absence of match play in the Amateur Championship. All that I am out for is that it should be made as certain as possible that the better player of the two competing is going to win the match. I am glad, however, that Rex Hartley agrees with me that the object of the Championship is to find the best amateur golfer of the year, and I should like to make it very clear that his last paragraph expresses my own sentiments absolutely and entirely. I am a very firm supporter of the Royal and Ancient by birth, education and inclination, but I do not see that that precludes my right to criticise.

The next letter which I have received is from Eric Martin Smith. He says :

I disagree, utterly and profoundly, with every word of your article in last week's BYSTANDER.

I challenge you to look in your *Golfer's Handbook* at the list of past Amateur Champions and point out any single one (my humble—and much-maligned—self excepted) who has not been worthy of the title. And if you pick upon John de Forest, will you be so good as to tell the world—for the guidance of future champions, if nothing else—what more a man must do to earn the official BYSTANDER benediction than fight his way to the final one year and then triumphantly win it the next ?

It is possible that in matches over 36 holes there would be fewer of these alleged "surprises" ; frankly, I think there would be just as many, because it has always been so much easier in British golf to *make* a great reputation than to lose it. Look carefully at the records of some of our better-known players, and you will see what I mean.

The art of the "18-hole sprint" is essentially different from that of the 36-hole marathon, and these "surprising failures" should set about adapting themselves to it (which is easy enough) and cease at once this impertinence of suggesting, when beaten by the champion of Little Puddiscombe, that, with another 18 holes to play, they would have won.

The laborious connection which you contrive to invent between national handicaps

(*Continued on page 223*)

# SPORT with the LID OFF

## *A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary*: By "Mark Over"

As I write, the great Test controversy rages unabated, and Oldfield has chipped in with some grand stuff about the joy which comes to those righteous ones who lose the match but play the game. That, apparently, is what the Australians have done, though it is surely a little self-complacent and priggish of Oldfield to comment with such smug satisfaction upon facts which no one disputes.

Certainly the M.C.C. did not dispute them in their admirable reply to the Australian Board's letter, but merely affirmed their complete confidence in the sportsmanship of the English captain and players.

WHETHER the present series of Test Matches is to be continued, I don't know; by the time this appears a decision will have been reached, and I shall be extremely surprised if the Australians accept the M.C.C.'s ultimatum and cancel the rest of the tour. The whole business has been twisted entirely out of proportion; it is this emphasis on the need for playing the game which seems to me so unnecessary. We might really be taking notice of the provincial spectator who shouts "Play the game, referee!" when his own side are doing badly.

It isn't a question of sportsmanship, but of policy. I don't believe in this leg-theory stuff myself—it is likely to cramp the game sadly, and it definitely is dangerous when a bowler of Larwood's pace attempts it. But that is not the point; what does matter is that it is a lamentable confession of weakness, and a very poor way of disposing of batsmen.

BUT games are in an odd state just now—they have apparently reached a kind of stalemate, and all the experts are trying to brighten things up. Mr. S. Hoskin, the old Navy full-back, for example, has worked out a new Rugby football formation—quite an interesting one—and Gene Sarazen is reputed to be agitating for an eight-inch golf hole.

Mr. Hoskin suggests that a Rugby football team should consist of three full-backs, four half-backs, one scrum half, and seven forwards. The full-backs are to wait until they see which way an attack from a set scrummage is developing, and then two of them run up to form an overlapping wing.

VERY ingenious, but, as Commander Coopper said to me, probably much too fast for the ordinary Saturday afternoon player—though the scheme is to be tried out in the near future. That is all to the good, but Mr. Hoskin is reported to have said that his plan will "decrease the close forward work which tends to make Rugby football so unsatisfactory from the spectator's point of view."

THAT is a sinister sentence. It may have been wrongly attributed to Mr. Hoskin, but the fact that it can be printed at all in a responsible journal shows how Rugby football is endangered by ignorance. I can't really believe that Mr. Hoskin, although he was a full-back himself, seriously claimed that the elimination of close forward work would benefit the game. Forward work of every kind is an integral part of Rugby football, and spectators can take it or leave it. Certainly the game will never be altered in deference to their wishes, whatever Mr. Hoskin may say.

AND there 's no likelihood that Sarazen's comic suggestion will be even considered by the golfing authorities. We tried increasing the size of the hole over here a few years back—there was a competition played with a five-inch hole—and the result was farcical. You could wallop the ball anyhow at the back of the hole, confident that it would drop every time, whereas, with the normal 4½-in. hole, it would have jumped out. Anyway, Sarazen's is a nonsensical idea, and the sooner we stop tinkering about with our games the better.

*W. Elliott, the England stand-off half, collars his opposite number, H. M. Bowcott, the Welsh stand-off half, as he was about to pass in the England v. Wales match at Twickenham, where Wales won for the first time*

*C. Webb, B. H. Black, A. S. Roncoroni, and G. G. Gregory at the final practice of the English team on the H.A.C. ground previous to playing against Wales. All four are forwards, and likely to play again*

WHAT a grand fight that was at the Albert Hall, by the way, when young Neusel just managed to outpoint old George Cook, that amazing veteran! Neusel should have done better, as a matter of fact, but he is inexperienced, though he has the

*The Winchester Handicap Steeplechase at Newbury. The winner, Mr. A. E. Berry's "National" entry, Remus, near the camera, taking the open ditch with Mr. J. Metcalf's Theras, who looked a winner all the way till he refused the last fence*

speed, the physique, the spirit of which champions are made. As for Cook, he is in direct descent from the old-timers, the knuckle-fighters who battered one another senseless with their bare fists. And now comes the news that Reggie Meen is to fight Larry Gains at Leicester on February 13th—an ambitious contest for Meen, who will find the negro too clever and too dangerous altogether for him, I believe. It is not stated whether the fight is for the Empire championship—that recently-coined title—but Cook is certainly entitled to challenge Gains for it first.

*Right: W. Migotti, the O.U. boat crew secretary, indulging in a game of miniature billiards at the boat-house while waiting for a practice row on the Isis*

THE heavy-weight business is indeed looking up. Spectators at Olympia last Friday, for instance, got their money's-worth when Jack Petersen met and fought Jack Pettifer for the British heavy-weight Championship, in a match which Petersen won, though he was giving away several stone in weight, after a bout which displayed not only boxing skill but pluck and endurance on both sides. A match which lasts for twelve rounds of really strenuous fighting and then ends in a knock-out which, had it not connected, would have, in all probability, meant the defeat of the lighter man, is something of a change compared with the recumbent attitudes displayed by our heavy-weights in times past.

*Mr. David Baird, Sir Alexander Maguire, and Mr. A. F. Buckley, all of Dublin, seen with their fine catch, totalling 121½ lb., on the opening of the salmon-fishing season on the Tay, in Perthshire. The salmon on the left weighed 34½lb.*

*The Doggy World*

*Mrs. Charles Curzon and Colonel Cecil Hankey, two of the many enthusiasts at the Labrador Club Trials at Idesworthy, Hampshire*

## F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

*(Continued from page 221)*

and medal scores simply does not make sense.

Finally, I can't help thinking that those in favour of a 36-hole championship are mostly made up of these surprising failures and their supporters.

I find it difficult to answer this letter, because I have a guilty feeling that I have frequently criticised the golf of Eric Martin Smith and that he has every right to get his own back on me. In fact, when I asked him to write me this little article, it was because I wanted to give him this opportunity, should he desire to take it. In these circumstances, I will let his article speak for itself, but I suggest that it speaks for my views.

With regard to his second paragraph, I accept the challenge and I will take John de Forest, as suggested. There can be no denying that he was in the final one year and won it the next, and that this is a very fine performance, but I suggest that it is a performance only made possible by the present conditions. This must be obvious to all those who have followed John de Forest's adventures in open competitions in America during this winter.

As to his remark about my paragraph regarding National Handicaps, I am sorry that I phrased it beyond his understanding, but I cannot see how he can possibly deny that a National Handicap—essential for an entry to be accepted for the Amateur Championship—is obtained otherwise than partly through score play.

Next week I will deal with letters which I have received from Dale Bourn and Sir Ernest Holderness.

# Taking Pictures on the Roof of the World

## By Capt. C. E. Ward

*Left: Miss Mary Instone, eldest daughter of Sir Samuel and Lady Instone, with her fiancé, Mr. Leo Gallop. Sir Samuel Instone is a director of Imperial Airways, being one of the first to start a Continental service immediately after the war. The late Captain F. L. Barnard and Mr. Chattaway, now at Croydon, were the original pilots of "Instone Air Lines," joining Imperial Airways after the amalgamation*

*Fitting an electric radiator to warm the Gipsy engine of a Moth in Switzerland, where the cold is sufficiently intense to make an early-morning start rather difficult. Commander Geoffrey Rodd has been flying from the frozen lake at St. Moritz, carrying many friends for sightseeing trips over the Alps*

### *Above Mount Everest*

THE main object of the Houston air expedition to Mount Everest is to secure an exact pictorial record of the summit and approaches from all sides, and it is hoped that the photographs will be of great value to the ground party which is tackling the climb on foot. Actually, the two attempts are not connected, the flight having been planned as a demonstration of British aircraft and equipment—and what more useful object could it have than to ascend above the highest peak in the world and to take pictures which may perhaps be the means of saving the lives of future climbers? There has been much loose talk about the air party stealing a march on the climbers, as if there could be any true comparison between the two attempts on the score of endurance or, in fact, any human quality required. Without minimising in any way the skill necessary to manœuvre an aeroplane in the turbulent air above the mighty Himalayas, it is the aeroplane and its engine which does the climbing, whilst pilot and observer direct it on its course, taking readings from their instruments, making notes on air conditions and topographical features, whilst reserving their final effort for a complete survey of the mountain with a camera. A war-time de Havilland machine, with a water-cooled Napier Lion engine, climbed to 30,000 feet about twelve years ago, and since then great progress has been made, so that there was no doubt as to the possibility of climbing above Everest. The special dangers of the flight, involving the slight risk of a forced landing in the mountains, are the unknown effect of high wind speeds and snowstorms in the rarefied air, six or seven miles above the earth, and the formation of ice on the 'plane. The Williamson aerial cameras are to be specially protected against the cold, and no trouble is anticipated with the Gaumont cinematograph equipment.

### *Chances of Success*

FLYING trials carried out last week of the equipment to be used proved most satisfactory. The Westland machine, with its Bristol "Pegasus" engine, the latter a similar type to that used by Mr. Uwins when capturing the world's altitude record for this country, climbed to 35,000 feet in one hour and a quarter. At this altitude, the machine flew level at 140 miles an hour, and the test pilot, Mr. Penrose, reported the controls to be functioning perfectly. Oxygen apparatus and electrically heated clothing enabled the pilot and observer to withstand the rarefied air and the cold, which must have been pretty grim at 76 degrees below zero, a matter of 108 degrees of frost. Lord Clydesdale and Colonel Stewart Blacker, chief pilot and observer of the party, are fully qualified by experience and physical fitness to tackle the great adventure. Machine, engine and accessories having been tested and found excellent, the weather seems to be the only unknown factor. For many weeks at a time, the highest peaks of the Himalayas are hidden by clouds of ice and snow, and to the best wishes of all other pilots for the success of the expedition I would add a special one—that good weather is signalled just as soon as preparations have been completed at the base.

### *Trans-Saharan Air Routes*

RECENT flights to and from South Africa via the Sahara Desert have caused much dust to be removed from family atlases in the endeavour to spot such unfamiliar places as Niamey, Gao, Reggan and Colomb Bechar. Those who considered themselves previously as well-informed, being quite certain that Timbuctoo was the only town in the desert, were disappointed to find it omitted as an airport of call, whilst several other queer places appeared as from nowhere. In actual fact, the French have been flying across the Sahara for some years, R.A.F. pilots have flown from the Sudan to West Africa in formation along its southern border, and air routes of the future have been planned, both from north to south and from east to west. The great desert presents less of a problem to air navigation than the Atlantic or any of the other oceans. Its trade routes have been fashioned during thousands of years, and follow lines of oases where vast rivers may have flowed before the sand came. A French air-line from Oran, in Algeria, to Niamey, on the Niger River, is a probability this year, but much depends on co-operation with the British authorities of Nigeria and the Gold Coast. Mail and express freight would pay high rates if it could be carried to England in four or five days, and this boon to our West African trade could be effected if a well-backed scheme is put up to the local Governments.

### *The Debate Continued*

MUCH that was left unsaid at the Royal Aeronautical Society's debate on Civil Aviation has been ventilated at the clubs and on the aerodromes, On Saturday, February 4th, the Hanworth Club is holding a debate after dinner on the private owner's aeroplane, it being contended that a more practical and economical machine is overdue. Members and friends are invited.

# CARS with a Personality:

## *The New "Six-Twelve" Riley*

### By The Earl of Cardigan

*No firm has mastered more effectively the art of building a small car which is both comfortable and exceptionally attractive in appearance than the deservedly successful Riley Company. So low is the build that running-boards might be dispensed with*

THERE are, I think, two tests which should be applied to a car such as the new Riley "six-twelve." It should be scrutinised, first, for its merits as a car, and, secondly, for its qualifications as a Riley. When a car has acquired a certain reputation, it is not enough for it to be merely an efficient vehicle; it must possess additional, often more or less indefinite, qualities, such as to give it that individuality which the keen motorist prizes so highly.

To take the latter consideration first, it does not take two minutes to discover that this new "Six-Twelve" is indeed a Riley of the genuine type. In appearance, for instance, it inherits all the family good looks. It has delightfully graceful and well-balanced "lines," and strictly avoids the very common fault, where small cars are concerned, of appearing "over-bodied."

Closer inspection, however, reveals that the coachwork is admirably roomy. The driving position is very comfortable, and there is genuine space for four large, long-legged people. A practical note is struck by the capacious luggage locker, which has the advantage of being unusually accessible.

*The luggage locker is remarkable, in that it definitely adds to the car's attractive appearance, while at the same time being very capacious and more than usually accessible*

On the road, it is at once apparent that the engine is a very lively one, singularly free from "fussiness," and capable of running at high speeds without any trace of discomfort. One notices also, with pleasure, the typical silent third-gear ratio. This is very easy to engage, and can be used most effectively wherever additional acceleration is required.

*The engine is an exceedingly efficient unit, and makes no bones about hard driving and high revving. The tool kit is sensibly placed where it is instantly accessible*

TO turn to the practical details of the chassis, overhead valves are employed in a small six-cylinder engine of 12 h.p. precisely. The coil ignition covers a wide range of advance and retard, and should be manipulated accordingly. The gear-box provides four forward speeds, and the excellent system is used of marking on the speedometer the desirable maximum speed in each gear.

Thus, the driver can see at a glance that he should do about 14, 23, 40 and 65 m.p.h. in first, second, third and top gear respectively. These speeds do not represent the absolute maximum, which is, on the average, about 5 m.p.h. in excess of these figures. They represent, which is far more useful, the maximum effective cruising speeds.

The steering is very pleasant, and the car, being well balanced and low built, holds the road extremely well.

*The driving position is very comfortable, and there is a useful cubby hole on either side of the grouped instruments. The operating mechanism of the windscreen should be noted. This is highly ingenious, and thoroughly effective*

THE brakes are thoroughly efficient, and should always remain so. The means is provided for the driver to adjust both hand and foot brake without ever moving from his seat, so that this can be done even when the car is running.

On the "Six-Twelve" chassis, various types of coachwork are listed, the prices in each case being rather less than £350. Thus moderate first cost is one of this new Riley's attractions.

# Books of the Week

*(Continued from page 214)*

*The Hon. Henry Cecil, owner, Lord Killanin, literary critic, and C. A. Gibson Hill, Editor of the "Varsity Weekly." These three Cambridge undergraduates have just taken over this University paper, which they are running with considerable enterprise. Startling posters seem part of their scheme*

TECHNIQUE tells, and here is another master of it, Mr. Eden Phillpotts. *Witch's Cauldron* (Hutchinson; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is the second book of the trilogy comprising the life of Avis Bryden, whom we first met in *Bred in the Bone*. Avis, now middle-aged, has but one ambition, to obtain for her son the wife she considers suitable for him. Grim and relentless as ever, she suffers no obstacle to stand in her path. "Thus far she had never won her way in any large issue save by murder. What to most fellow-creatures must surely have appealed as the last resort, to be employed after the failure of all others, presented itself to her, not only as the most obvious and direct way to victory, but often the easiest."

There you have Avis Bryden. Not by any means an engaging character and, at times, a positive menace to domesticity. "Death comes to them that cross me path," as Ambrose Applejohn used to say. Her strong personality dominates the book as it dominates the people round her, whether she is dealing with the amorous Warburton, the pathetic Unity, or with her amiably handsome son and the wife of her choice. A solid, beautifully written piece of work, with the West Country background that Mr. Phillpotts knows and loves so well.

I have dealt at such length with these two books that I can only touch lightly on the following:—

*A Day in October*, by Sigurd Hoel (Duckworth; 7*s.* 6*d.*), translated from the Norwegian by Solvi and Richard Bateson, is an example, and a good one, of the increasingly fashionable method of confining the action of a story within narrow time limits. It describes twenty-four hours in the lives of the dwellers in an Oslo apartment house and their reactions to a fellow-lodger in the shape—and a very nice shape, too—of a mysterious demi-mondaine. A skilfully impressionistic study and one well worth reading.

Another novel with the same idea is *Jealousy*, by Norah James (Duckworth; 7*s.* 6*d.*)—strange how the publishers seem to be running in pairs this week!—only this time we are concerned with an eloping couple on their all-day journey to Gretna Green. The developments that have led to the elopement, a record mainly of masculine suspicion and resentment, are explained in the silent recollections of the couple as they speed northwards. A clever idea, but the pluperfect is an awkward tense to handle for three hundred pages and the story would benefit with a leavening of humour.

A DETECTIVE drama with a vital cast is all the more to be appreciated for its rarity. That is why I recommend *Murder of Lydia* (Hutchinson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), for Miss Joan A. Cowdroy does make her characters think, speak and act like human beings, and she has invented a splendidly inscrutable Oriental, called Mr. Moh. The dénouement did not thrill me to the marrow, as I suppose it should have done, but I expect I am getting blasé.

IF you share Mrs. Fred Reynolds's affection for the Victorians, you will enjoy *Green Stockings* (The Bodley Head; 7*s.* 6*d.*), a faithful and intimate chronicle of crinolines, croquet and genteel conspiracy. But, to my mind, the period is a depressing and irritating one, and it takes an Austen or Brontë to make it anything else.

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# The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

## EAU DE COLOGNE

*The Essence that has Survived as a Toilet Requisite.*

EVERY woman is beautiful to someone, and a charming woman is beautiful—irrespective of features and colouring—to many people. It therefore behoves us to make every detail of our toilet—an orange stick, a pot of cream, a toilet water or a synthetic eyelash—contribute to our cumulative charm! That is why I feel that a so universally used toilet accessory as Eau-de-Cologne has a place on the map of Beauty Culture.

Whatever our opinion, or lack of one, on the Darwinian theory, we must believe in the survival of the fittest where toilet "secrets" are concerned. For over two centuries Eau-de-Cologne has been favoured by fastidious people throughout the world. In 1806 Napoleon's perfumer's bill for one quarter included a charge of 423 francs for 162 bottles of Eau-de-Cologne! Some of the earliest recipes read romantically and fragrantly: spirit of rosemary, bergamot, neroli, cedar, lemon, wallflower, mint and thyme figure in them.

The refreshing essence earned its name when it became fashionable in Paris among the luxury-loving courtiers of Louis XV. because it was then imported from Cologne, where two enterprising Italian brothers were distilling

it, and selling it as a cordial, and to this day it retains the name, though it is not a water and does not come from Cologne! In fact, it might well be called "Esprit d'Angleterre" since its popularity in this country has been long established, and the highest standard of quality is exemplified by the "4711" Eau-de-Cologne products of an exclusively English firm.

The well-known turquoise and gold labels of the "4711" Eau-de-Cologne are a guarantee of standard, and the refreshing formula has been cleverly incorporated in a number of excellent toilet requisites: soap, bath salts, and face cream.

The effect of the bath salts, in which the famous perfume is faithfully preserved, is tonic and stimulating, and used in conjunction with "4711" Eau-de-Cologne soap, makes the bath a refreshment, luxuriously fragrant.

AT several famous spas, including Vichy, Eau-de-Cologne frictions are given after the baths to close the pores and stimulate circulation. I am a strong advocate of self-administered frictions of Eau-de-Cologne with a loofah glove after the daily bath. They are preventive of rheumatic affections, give immunity from chills, and make the skin soft, smooth and fine. They also cure any tendency to roughness or redness at the back of the arms and thighs, where circulation is inclined to need stimulation.

A few drops of Eau-de-Cologne in a basin of cold water for rinsing the face act as a stimulating and refining tonic for the skin, particularly useful if the complexion is inclined to be oily or relaxed. The salutary and refreshing effect of a compress which has been steeped in cold water and Eau-de-Cologne, in cases of headache or fever, is known to women throughout the world.

It is a patriotic as well as an economic consideration that the genuine "4711" products are British and, since they are, therefore, not subject to tariffs, are less costly than continental Eau-de-Cologne.

## FEBRUARY, 1933

**1st to 15th inclusive**

1st Partridge and pheasant shooting ends.
**Coursing.** Driffield and Cotswold meetings.
**Racing.** Sandown Park.
**Hockey.** Royal Navy v. Cambridge University, Cambridge.

2nd **Racing.** Sandown Park.
**Coursing.** Cotswold and Isle of Thanet meetings.
**Shows.** National Show of Cage Birds, Crystal Palace.

3rd **Racing.** Lingfield Park.
**Coursing.** Isle of Thanet Club.
**Ball.** Cheshire Hunt Ball, Chester.

4th **Racing.** Lingfield Park and Leopardstown Steeplechases.
**Rugby.** Wales v. Scotland, Swansea. Upper Clapton v. Stratford-on-Avon, Stratford. Bristol v. Cambridge University (Bristol).
**Assoc. Football.** 3rd Round, F.A. Amateur Cup. 2nd Round, Scottish F.A. Cup.
**Hockey.** Teddington v. Bromley, Teddington.

6th **Racing.** Warwick.
**Coursing.** Rochford Club.
**Boxing.** Old Goldsmiths B. and A.C., New Cross Baths.

7th **Racing.** Warwick.
**Coursing.** Huntingdon Club.

8th **Racing.** Gatwick.
**Coursing.** Waterloo Cup, Altcar.
**Shows.** Cruft's Dog Show, Royal Agricultural Hall.
**Boxing.** Met. Police A.A. Championships, Royal Albert Hall.

9th **Racing.** Gatwick.
**Coursing.** Waterloo Cup, Altcar.
**Badminton.** Irish Championships, Dublin.
**Shows.** Cruft's Dog Show, Royal Agricultural Hall.

10th **Racing.** Hurst Park and Haydock Park.
**Coursing.** Waterloo Cup, Altcar.
**Badminton.** Irish Championships, Dublin.
**Cricket.** England v. Australia, 4th Test Match, Brisbane.

11th Many Scotch rivers open for salmon fishing.
**Racing.** Hurst Park and Haydock Park.
**Athletics.** North & South of Thames Cross Country Championships.
**Rugby.** England v. Ireland, Twickenham. Upper Clapton v. United Services (Chatham), Osterley Park. Burton v. Wolverhampton, Burton.
**Assoc. Football.** 5th round Welsh Amateur Cup. 2nd round Irish Cup.
**Hockey.** Wimbledon v. Hampstead, Wimbledon.

13th **Racing.** Nottingham and Plumpton.
**Coursing.** Aylesbury Club.

14th ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.
**Racing.** Nottingham.
**Boxing.** P.L.A. Police A.C., Stadium Club.

15th **Racing.** Windsor and Sedgefield.
**Boxing.** 'W' Division Met. Police B.C. (Balham Baths). L.G.O.C. Boxing Club Championships, Stadium Club.
**Fencing.** Royal Navy & Royal Marines v. Royal Air Force, Portsmouth.

**PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.**

*The Doggy World*

# Correspondence and Coursing: By Lady Kitty Ritson

With reference to my remarks on greyhounds which chase and kill smaller dogs, a few weeks ago, I have had a most interesting letter from a correspondent, but whether Mr. or Miss, I don't know, but it is so reasonable that I think it must be from a lady!

She is kind enough to say that she is interested in my articles, and adds that she and her father have kept greyhounds for thirty years and have had fifty-four dogs in that time. They have always been treated as pals, and never more than four have been kept at a time. Of the number mentioned, twenty-two were very savage indeed with other dogs or strangers, sixteen were unreliable, but not, as a rule, quarrelsome, and sixteen were the soul of gentleness. She continues that, contrary to the remarks in my letter, she has not found them bad with small dogs, in fact, not as bad as sheep-dogs or similar types of dogs. She continues that, on the average, she has never seen anything to equal the cleverness, speed, and punishing power of a greyhound, and "I've had several that would smash up any dog living within 45 seconds."

I can't say that I think my correspondent has made out much of a case for the greyhound, but when she adds that she loathes seeing a dog injured, as she is devoted to her own, and realises how much she would hate to see them set on, she is upholding exactly what I am always preaching. She says that with incorrigible dogs she only has them loose in fields and roads where she will not meet anybody. She does not believe in muzzling, as it tends to make them more savage, and does not prevent them frightening other dogs. She expresses a hope that what she says will be taken to heart by the owners of savage greyhounds (but it applies to all breeds), so that there may be fewer tragedies of small dogs attacked.

Some weeks ago I went to watch the Saluki coursing at Thanet, and it certainly was a revelation. It is much more interesting than the ordinary greyhound coursing, because the Salukis run the course out and, although they are not as fast as greyhounds, they are much better stayers. They are also cleaner killers, for they kill neatly, while greyhounds so often tear the wretched hare to pieces.

A Saluki will run down a single gazelle on its own ground, and that is often a matter of a three-mile course, so one can well understand that stamina is bred in them, and the owners in this country very wisely are preserving this, instead of allowing them to become soft and pampered. There was no massaging between the courses for the Salukis, and they hardly seemed blown or distressed.

A Saluki, at home, is very affectionate and very reserved, and full of dignity, and this is hardly to be wondered at when you consider that they are regarded as valuable spoil when one tribe raids another amongst the Arabs. In spite of the advent of the motor-car and the rifle, the Arab in the far-away deserts still has to depend upon the Saluki to provide him with game to add to his scanty fare.

*Special Press*

*Four beautiful Salukis, owned by the Hon. Florence Amherst. The two on the left were imported from Arabia, but the two on the right were bred in England; their forbears came from Arabia many generations ago*

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# Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

THERE is no doubt—unfortunate as it is to have to record this fact—that the whole of the greyhound racing world is smarting under a sense of injustice after the Interim Report published recently by the Commission set up to inquire into gambling in this country.

I referred to one aspect of the situation last week, and tried to make it clear that the Report was not only ill-founded, but, in part, definitely misleading. It reads rather like the writings of men fanatically opposed to betting in any form, and unprepared for any other action but the thrusting of their own opinions down the throats of other people.

VERY briefly, the reason why greyhound enthusiasts are smarting under this sense of unfairness is that the Greyhound Racing Association foresaw possible trouble in the over-extension of the sport throughout the country, and some time ago approached the Government and tried to get the "Tote" taken over by a statutory body, which was to control it by licensing only certain tracks, and thus preventing the growth from becoming too big. After all, if there were a public-house at every corner, then public-houses would become a social menace, but this possibility was foreseen, and licences for public-houses are difficult things to get and are carefully granted. Why should not the same thing be done for totalisators? Why should not licences be necessary, strictly limited in number and granted only to those tracks which are efficiently organised? If totalisators are banned on all greyhound racing tracks it definitely means that there will be a loss of employment to a great number of people. I suppose that one cannot stress this point too much, since, eventually, it becomes a fallacious argument, if pushed to extremes, to suggest that employment in a social menace is better than unemployment. On the other hand, anyone who has attended a greyhound racing meeting at any of the G.R.A. tracks will hotly deny that greyhound racing is a social menace, especially were the "Totes" controlled in the way that I have suggested.

*A queue for the greyhound "Tote," but they weren't really betting: Anthony Asquith's film, "A Kingdom for Five and Sixpence," being shot at the Harringay track, which was used by permission of the G.R.A.*

I THINK it is an accepted fact that the gambling instinct is born into every man and woman who comes into the world at all—the very fact of birth may be a gamble gone wrong—and I do not see how anyone is going to stop people from gambling if they want to, which nearly everybody does at some time or other in their lives. A recent case I know of is that of a street bookmaker who was one day arrested and fined nearly a hundred pounds. He paid this in cash and was back at work on the following day. Obviously this man must be doing pretty good business to be able to pay this fine in cash and carry on at once, since his clients are of the sort who would not gamble more than sixpence or a shilling at a time.

IN these circumstances it seems to me very much better to allow the "Tote," where the odds are at least fair, than to forbid the "Tote" and allow other forms of betting, where the odds may be anything but fair. It does seem something very like class legislation, which apparently is asked for by the Interim Report of the Commission set up to investigate the matter, when the chance of a fair gamble, with a certainty of getting his money back if he wins, is denied to the working-class man.

# The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

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HORS D'ŒUVRES

***

CURRIED PRAWNS

***

FRICASSÉED CHICKEN
CELERY WITH CREAM

***

JELLIED FRUIT MACÉDOINE

***

COFFEE

*Curried Prawns*

FRY two small onions in butter till brown, and then take them out of the pan. Stir one tablespoonful of curry-powder and one of flour into the butter and mix well; then stir in the same amount of gravy or, if preferred, milk, sufficient to well cover the prawns, which should now be added. Stew gently over a slow heat until the gravy has thickened, and then add a little cream, a dessertspoonful of chutney and the juice of a lemon. Serve surrounded by a border of rice.

*Fricasséed Chicken*

CUT up a chicken as for frying, but in small pieces, making two pieces of each leg, two of the breast and two of the back. Melt enough butter to cover the bottom of a casserole, add two tablespoonsful of olive oil, put in the chicken covered with some very small onions and small potatoes (or potatoes cut up small). Add a pinch of mace and a little salt and pepper, and put into a good oven for forty minutes, when the whole dish should be of a nice brown colour. Arrange the chicken and vegetables closely together in a silver dish and pour over it three or four tablespoonsful of hot dissolved glaze.

*Celery with Cream*

CUT the white parts of three heads of celery into lengths about three inches long, boil it till quite tender, and strain the water from it. Beat up the yolks of three eggs and strain them into half a pint of milk; season with salt and put all into a stewpan, and place over the fire till it boils and becomes fairly thick, and then serve.

*Jellied Fruit Macédoine*

MASK the inside of a fluted jelly mould with some jelly, and decorate the bottom with glacé cherries halved, slices of bananas, and white and black grapes from which the seeds have been removed. Cover each layer of fruit with jelly, and continue this until the mould is filled. When quite set, dip the mould in tepid water for a few seconds and turn out.

# The Editor's Box

*On June 17th, the Red Star Lapland starts on "The Bystander" cruise to Madeira, Las Palmas, and Teneriffe, full particulars of which can be obtained from the Red Star Line, 33, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or any travel agency. The picture above shows the luxurious Ladies' Saloon on this fine ship of nearly 19,000 tons*

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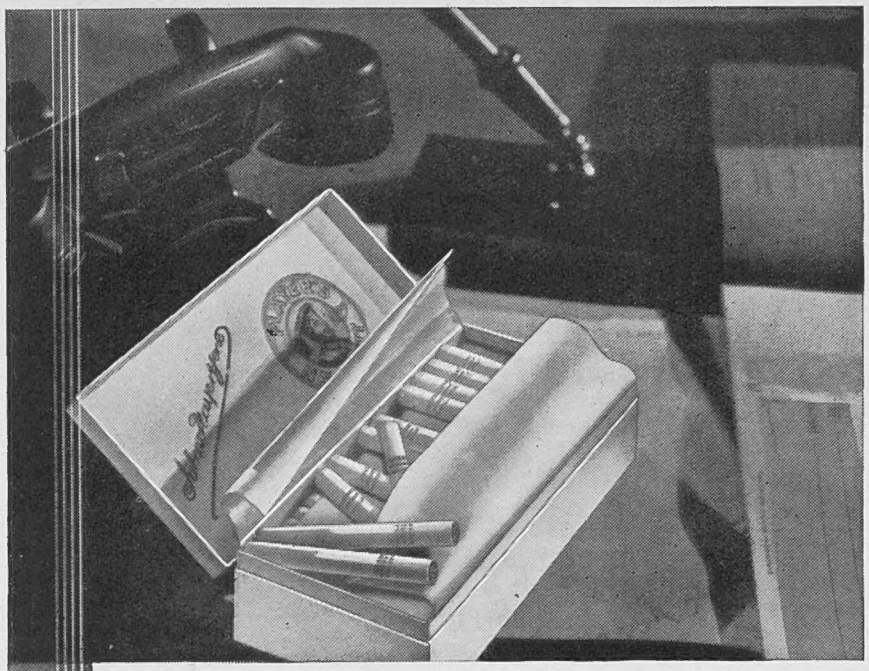
Entered as second class mail matter at the New York N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.



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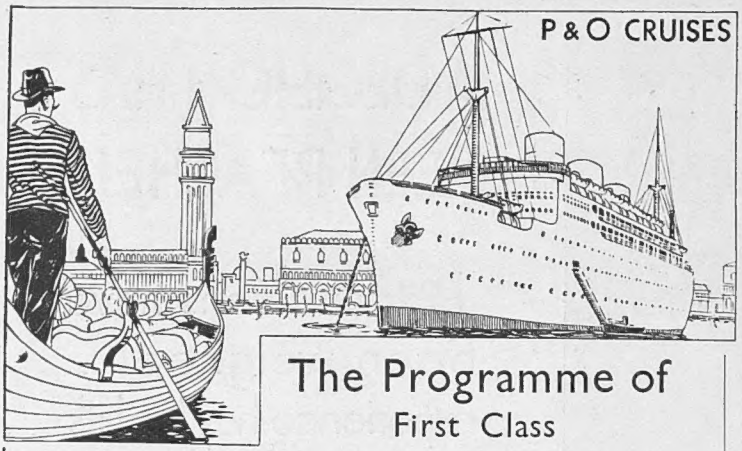


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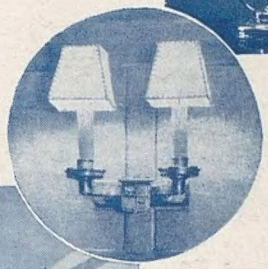

"One," said the American.

"I'm out!"

"Up Twenty."

"Right in the face of a one card draw, eh? I'll drop."

The Baroness had seen the young American glance at his fifth card for a split second. No one else had seen him. His expression was unchanged, a half-smile, confident. It was his turn now to bet.

"Well, I'll tell you. If the bottom card's a heart . . . I'm afraid I'll have to raise the limit. . . ."

What on earth was he doing? His four cards were spades! He was turning his hand, neatly packed, face-up so that only the bottom card was showing. It was a heart!

"A heart she is. Up a hundred!"

Plop! went three hands. The last one looked hard, considered, threw in his cards.

"I don't think you've got it, but in my day the definition of a good poker player was one who could be bluffed out."

* * * *

"They stood inches apart. Tony felt the sensuous effluvia of Laura's charm creeping over him like late shadows over a meadow. Without turning, and in a low voice, he murmured an answer to her question: "I'm in love with you!"

*A thrilling, gripping story* — "FOUR FLUSHER," by Anatole Blair.

To have another series of drawings and short stories by that master, F. Matania, R.I. — whom, you will remember, made those life-like drawings of our "FAMOUS WOMEN IN HISTORY" series, is quite an event of the year.

The new series is composed of romantic cameos of long ago under the title of "STRANGE CHAPTERS IN HISTORY." *In this issue:* "CAMILLUS AND THE SCHOOL MASTER," "SPARTAN JUSTICE AND SPARTAN LOVE," "SAINT PRISCA."

In addition to a survey into that problematical question of House Warming — there is another interesting and very practical article by Winifred Lewis about Electric Lighting. Both of these articles are entertainingly illustrated. And a few timely hints to house owners by J. S. Bainbridge, M.Sc., on Damp and Decay affords enlightenment upon this elusive subject.

## AND THEN THERE ARE THESE . . .

"THE CURSE OF THE COBURGS" *by Vibart Dixon*
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